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OFFICE, AMERICAN HOTEL, BARCLAY STREET.

LITERATURE.

THE EAST.

The East, the East, the glorious East, the land of the sun for me,
Where Zephyr sips his spicy feast from floweret, shrub, and tree;
Where the sapphire and the diamond blaze in the deep and gloomy mine,
And the yellow topaz' golden rays with milder radiance shine;
Where the gorgeous bird of Paradise displays its glowing plumes,
And the pearl, with pure and paly light, the ocean's depths illumes.

The East, the East, the fiery East, within whose jungles wide
The lion shakes his tawny mane, and roams in savage pride;
Where the tiger rushes on its prey with wild, ferocious glare;
Where the steed, untamed, scours swift along, and snuffs the torrid air;
Where the patient camel tracks his way across the springless plain,
And the wandering Arab's heritage is the desert's broad domain.

The East, the East, the fragrant East, where each delicious grove
Exhales the sweet and spicy breath of cinnamon and clove;
Where the glowing cactus freshly buds to greet the morning sun,
And falls, with withered leaf to earth, ere evening's shades grow dun;
Where the aloe bursts with mighty sound, far in the desert lone,
And tells the passing centuries before the Eternal's throne.

The East, the East, where Faith arose, to light the human mind,
And still its type, the blessed sun, shines on for all mankind;
Where, hushed on Mary's virgin breast, soft slept an infant God;—
Whose sacred soil, through years of woe, the Saviour's feet have trod;
He, who, for man's eternal weal, death, torture, insult bore—
Go, turn thee to the hallowed East, and that great God adore.

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE STRAIN AGAIN.

A BALLAD BY T. MOORE.

This ballad is completely Moorish, and reminds us very much of the talented author's early productions. The melody seems to be taken from a waltz. The words will be read with pleasure. They are—

"Come, play me that simple strain again
I used so to love in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay:
The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow without its pain,
Say where, where is it now?
But, play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far fairy shore
We're never to see again.

"Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd even its tears with light:
The new-found life that came
With love's first echoed vow,
The fear, the bliss, the shame,
Say where, where are they now?
But still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth, and love, and song
To breathe life's hour away!"

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF JAMES SMITH,

One of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses.

The members who do most honour to the legal profession are not those who make its distinctions and emoluments their sole object—for they often cut a sorry figure beyond its sphere,—but those who combine with the diligent and conscientious discharge of its duties a fair proportion of the acquirements or qualities which are appreciated in society. Amongst the most remarkable of such men was the late James Smith, and we feel it a duty to record the few particulars we have been able to collect concerning him.

He was the son of an eminent solicitor, and born in London, February 16th, 1775. In January, 1785, he was placed at school with the Rev. Mr. Burford, at Chigwell in Essex, which he left in June, 1789, for the new College at Hackney, where he remained one year. His education was completed under Mr. Wanostrocht, at Alfred House, Camberwell. He was articled to his father in 1792, and in due time taken into partnership. He was also appointed joint-solicitor to the Ordnance Board, and succeeded to the sole appointment on his father's death in 1832.

We rather think, from his description, that his father was a practitioner of the old school, not very tolerant of digressions from the beaten track, and likely enough to regard either or both of his distinguished sons as—

"Some youth his parents' wishes doomed to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross."

But the old gentleman had sufficient respect for literature to point out Dr. Johnson to his son James, who, though he could not have been more than eight years old at the time, retained a vivid recollection of the circumstance—Virgilium tantum vidi.

To the best of our information, Jame's coup d'essai in literature was a hoax in the shape of a series of letters to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, detailing some extraordinary antiquarian discoveries and facts in natural history, which the worthy Sylvanus Urban inserted without the least suspicion; and we understand that the members of the Antiquarian and Zoological Societies are still occasionally in the habit of appealing to them in corroboration of their theories. In 1803, he became a constant contributor to the Pic Nic and Cabinet weekly journals, in conjunction with Mr. Cumberland, Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Horatio Smith, and others. The principal caterer for these publications was Colonel Greville, on whom Lord Byron has conferred a not very enviable immortality—

"Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle;"

Both James and Horatio were also contributors to the Monthly Mirror, then the property of Mr. Thomas Hill, a gentleman who has the good fortune to live familiarly with three or four generations of authors; the same, in short, with whom the subject of this memoir thus playfully remonstrated: "Hill, you take an unfair advantage of an accident; the register of your birth was burnt in the great fire of London, and you now give yourself out for younger than you are." Their *Imitations of Horace* (afterwards reprinted in a separate volume) originally appeared in this miscellany.

The fame of the brothers, however, was confined to a limited circle until the publication of *The Rejected Addresses*, which rose at once into almost unprecedented celebrity, and still keeps its place amongst the best of the *jeux d'esprit* which have outlived the occasions which gave rise to them—as the Rolliad, Anticipation, the choice papers of the Anti-jacobin, and the New Whig Guide.

It is a well-known fact in literary history that many of the most popular productions failed at first to attract the confidence or excite the cupidity of "the trade." *Pelham* was on the point of being returned upon the writer's hands, when Mr. Colburn chanced to glance over a few pages of the manuscript, and with instinctive sagacity devined the value of the prize. The Rejected Addresses (as the preface to the nineteenth edition informs us) had been rejected over and over again in the literal acceptation of the term, when Mr. Miller offered to undertake the risk of publication, and share the profits, *if any*—laying (as James Smith used to say) a peculiar stress upon the *if*. At the appearance of the third or fourth edition, they sold their share to the same publisher for one thousand pounds, the *Imitations of Horace* being thrown into the bargain: for these, though clever, can hardly be said to have enjoyed an independent reputation or done more than follow in the wake.

Lord Byron, in allusion to the rapid success of Childe Harold, says, "I awoke and found myself famous;" (which, by the way, a witty runaway wife parodied by saying, "I awoke and found myself infamous.") The authors of the Rejected Addresses migh have said the same. Within a week, reviews and newspapers of all shades and complexions were praising their production, or speculating on their identity; and the moment they threw off the mask, their acquaintance was eagerly courted by the notabilities of the day. Amongst others, the Dowager Countess of Cork—the first English woman of rank who threw open her house to literature, or made intellectual distinction a recognized passport to society—was anxious to have them at her soirees, and commissioned one of the established lions to bring them. Whether the commission was awkwardly executed, or their pride took alarm too readily, or the occasion for a joke was too tempting to be lost, it is currently reported that an answer to the following purport was returned:—

"My dear——,

"Pray make our best excuses to your noble and hospitable friend, and say we regret extremely that it will not be in our power to accept the flattering invitation so obligingly communicated through you, for my brother is engaged to grin through a horse-collar at a country fair, and I myself to dance a hornpipe at Sadler's Wells, upon that night.

"Very truly yours,

"J. Smith."*

Many of the very writers who were parodied hastened to bear testimony to the accuracy of the imitations, and joined heartily in the laugh.

Lord Byron wrote from Italy to Mr. Murray—"Tell him we forgive him, were he twenty times our satirist."

"I certainly must have written this myself," said Sir Walter Scott, pointing to the description of the fire, "although I forget upon what occasion."

Crabbe, on being introduced to James Smith at Mr. Spencer's villa at Richmond, seized both his hands, and exclaimed with a loud laugh, "Ah! my old enemy, how do you?"

The introduction to Mr. Spencer himself is thus described in the preface already mentioned:

"Lydia White, a literary lady, who was prone to feed the lions of the day, invited one of us to dinner; but, recollecting afterwards that William Spencer formed one of the party, wrote to the latter to put him off; telling him that a man was to be at her table whom he 'would not like to meet.' 'Pray who is this whom I should not like to meet?' inquired the poet. 'Oh!' answered the lady, 'one of those men who have made that shameful attack upon you?' 'The very man upon earth I should like to know!' rejoined the lively and careless bard. The two individuals accordingly met, and have continued fast friends ever since."—p. xix.

Still Mr. Spencer did not above half like it. "It's very well for once," he subsequently remarked, "but don't do it again. I had been almost forgotten when you revived me; and now all the newspapers and reviews ring with 'this fashionable trashy author.'"

Fitzgerald, one of the most burlesqued,† met one of the authors at an anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund:

Fitzgerald (with good humour.)—"Mr. Smith, I mean to recite after dinner."

Mr. Smith.—"Do you?"

Fitzgerald.—"Yes; you'll have more of 'God bless the Regent and the Duke of York."

Monk Lewis became the friend of the authors, but never could be got to admit the truth of the imitation in his own case. "Many of them," was his remark to Lady Holland, "are very fair, but mine is not at all like; they have made me write burlesque, which I never do." "You don't know your own talent," was the consolatory reply.

On the whole, the only discontented persons were the persons left out. Campbell ventured a remonstrance, and was told that it was as impossible to parody the finished elegance of his poetry as the regularly handsome features of his face. "That's all very well," he replied, "but I should have liked to have been among them for all that." Rogers was omitted for the same reason.

James Smith used to dwell with much pleasure on the criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman: "I do not see why they should have been rejected: I think some of them very good." This, he would add, is almost as good as the avowal of the Irish bishop, that there was some things in Gulliver's Travels which he could not believe.

We have often heard him asked whether he could identify his own share of the composition, but he generally evaded the inquiry by declaring the publication to be strictly joint—apropos of which he gave us Sheridan's account of his own and first wife's labours on their first arrival in town: "We composed together, and our labours might well be called *joint*, for we had no chance of a joint till they were completed." Every now and then, however, he would allude to particular passages as his own, and, by Mr. Horatio Smith's kindness, we are now enabled to give the long desiderated information regarding the authorship.

The notion was first started by a gentleman connected with the theatres (not the actor) named Ward, christened Portsoken Ward by H. Smith, from his fondness for port. They took different authors, wrote their papers apart, and then submitted them to each other; but the subsequent alterations seldom exceeded verbal improvements or the addition of a few lines.

BY JAMES WARD.

2. The Baby's Debut. By W. W. (Wordsworth.)
5. Hampshire Farmer's Address. By W. C. (Cobbett.)
7. The Rebuilding. By W. S. (Southey.)
13. Play house Musings. By S. T. C. (Coleridge.)
14. Drury Lane Hustings—A New Halfpenny Ballad. By a Pic Nic Poet (a quiz on what are called humorous songs.)
16. Theatrical Alarm Bell. By the Editor of the M. P. (Morning Post.)
17. The Theatre. By the Rev. G. C. (Crabbe.)
18, 19, 20 Macbeth, George Barnwell, and the Stranger, Travesties.

BY HORATIO SMITH.

1. Loyal Effusions. By W. T. F. (Fitzgerald)
3. An Address without a Phœnix. By S. T. P. (this was a real address sent in by the writer.)
4. Cui Bono? By Lord B. (Byron)—except the first stanza, which was written by James.
6. The Living Lustres. By T. M. (Moore.)
8. Drury's Dirge. By L. M. (Laura Matilda.)
9. A Tale of Drury Lane. By W. S. (Scott.)
10. Johnson's Ghost.
11. The Beautiful Incendiary. By the Hon. W. S. (Spencer.)
12. Fire and Ale. By M. G. L. (Lewis.)
15. Architectural Atoms. By Dr. B. (Busby.)
21. Punch's Apotheosis. By T. H.

A note to the last article runs thus:—

"Theodore Hook, at that time a very young man, and the companion of the author in many wild frolics. The cleverness of his subsequent prose compositions has cast his early stage songs into oblivion. This parody was, in the second edition, transferred from Colman to Hook."

It was so transferred, because Colman was exceedingly annoyed, and Hook, it is well known, would laugh at it. We cannot discover the slightest resemblance to either.

The numbers in the above lists are copied from the table of contents of the last and best edition, published by Mr. Murray in 1839.* The preface was written by Horatio, and the notes by James.

"To one of us," it is stated in the preface, "the totally unexpected success of this little work, proved an important event, since it mainly decided him some years afterwards to embark in that literary career which the continued favour of the novel reading public has rendered both pleasant and profitable to him." Mr. Horatio Smith, the author of Brambletye House, Zillah, and other popular works of fiction, is the member of the brotherhood who speaks here. James, though he felt proud of his brother's increasing reputation,† doggedly adhered to his favourite maxim, that when a man has once made a good hit, he should rest upon it,—a maxim which he was wont to strengthen by Bishop Warburton's authority. When Anster, the author of the Bath Guide, was presented to the veteran, he said, "Young man, I will give you a piece of advice; you have written a highly successful work—never put pen to paper again."

At the same time he was obliged to own that a man's reputation might require an occasional burnishing, and would humorously illustrate the limited and ephemeral nature of fame by an incident that once happened to himself in a Brighton coach. An old lady, struck by his extraordinary familiarity with things and people, at length burst forth,—"And pray, sir, you who seem to know every body—pray may I ask who you are?" "James Smith ma'am."—This evidently conveyed nothing to her mind, and a fellow-passenger added, "One of the authors of Rejected Addresses." The old lady stared at them by turns, and then ejaculated, "I never heard of the gentleman or the book before."

He considered it no breach of his maxim to contribute occasionally to the lighter periodical publications of the day, or to assist his friend Mathews in the concoction of his entertainments. Most of the best songs of the great comedian were from his pen.‡ Brevity, however, whatever it may be with others, was certainly the soul of wit with him; and the only article of any length we remember from his pen—a critique of some cookery books, written for a review started on a new plan by Mr. Cumberland—was a comparative failure, notwithstanding the obvious fitness of the subject for a pleasantry.

He was also frequently applied to by dramatic writers for a comic song, a hit at the follies of the day, or other assistance of the kind, which was always readily afforded, and generally proved eminently useful to the piece. The interest thus taken in theatrical matters naturally led to his being made free of the green-room; and he used to relate an incident curiously illustrative of the morals of the stage twenty or thirty years ago. An actress of note one night addressed him thus: "Mr. Smith, you are constantly here, but you do not appear to attach yourself to any of our ladies." "Ah, madam," was the reply, "that proves my discretion; you little know what is going on in private between me and some of you."

From the commencement of the New Monthly Magazine, in 1821, he was a frequent contributor. His *Grimm's Ghost* in particular attracted much attention, and a collection of his papers, under the title of *East and West*, was once advertised by Mr. Colburn, though the intention was subsequently abandoned.

His social qualities, however, were those which will live the longest in the recollection of his friends; for he was one of the most agreeable companions imaginable, and it was difficult to pass an evening in his company without feeling in better humour with the world; such was the influence of his inexhaustible funds of amusement and information, his lightness, liveliness, and good sense. He was not very witty or brilliant, nor even very ready at repartee. Indeed, we are pretty sure that most of the best things recorded of him were *impromptus faits a loisir*; but no man ever excelled him in starting pleasant topics of conversation, and sustaining it; nor was it well possible for a party of moderate dimensions, when he was of it, to be dull. The droll anecdote, the apt illustration, the shrewd remark—a trait of humour from Fielding, a scrap of a song from the Beggar's Opera, a knock-down retort of Johnson's, a couplet from Pope or Dryden—all seemed to come as they were wanted, and, as he was always just as ready to listen as to talk, acted each in turn as a sort of challenge to the company to bring forth their budgets and contribute towards the feast. As Scott says of Rashleigh Osbaldistone, "he was never loud, never overbearing, never so much occupied with his own thoughts as to outrun either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His ideas succeeded each other with the gentle but unintermitting flow of a plentiful and bounteous spring, whilst others who aim at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbid gush from the sluice of a millpond, as hurried and as easily exhausted." His gentlemanly manners and fine person—set off by strict attention to his dress—added not a little to the effect; and as he disliked argument, and never lost his temper or willingly gave offence, it would have been no easy matter for others to lose their's or offend him. His memory was prodigious, but it was principally stored with the choicest morsels from the standard English poets, comic writers and dramatists (which formed his favourite reading), and like Mackintosh, as described by Mr. Sydney Smith, he so managed it as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction rather than "that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected." Of late years he was occasionally accused of repeating his favourite stories and epigrams too often, but they were generally new to some persons in the company, and most of them were of such a nature as a cultivated mind always recurs to with delight—*decies repetita placebunt*. We must not forget one very great, and very rare, merit that he undoubtedly possessed as a diner-out. As we once heard a woman of celebrity declare emphatically, he was *safe*—he never let drop an allusion, or was hurried into a joke, which true delicacy (we will not answer for false) could suffer from. He had a good ear for music, and voice enough to sing his own songs with full effect.

We need hardly state, long after the first flush of his celebrity, he was a welcome guest in the best houses, town and country. Latterly, however, he seldom left town except on occasional visits to Mr. H. Smith at Brighton, Mr. Croker at Moulsey, and Lord Abinger at Abinger Hall. Though never guilty of intemperance, he was a martyr to the gout; and independently of the difficulty he experienced in locomotion, he partook largely of the feeling avowed by his old friend Jekyll, who used to say that, if compelled to live in the country, he would have the drive before his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long.

He used to tell with great glee a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure grounds:

"Stroll! why don't you see my gouty shoe?"

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* Mr. H. Smith tells us that the letter was never sent

† He must have got used to it:—

"—— Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall."
'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'

* Mr. Murray gave £131 for the copywright in 1819, after the 16th edition. He has since published three editions, and sold nearly four thousand copies.

† He used to say to Horatio: "I am often complimented on your writings, but people don't like to be contradicted, and so I let it pass."

‡ See Mrs. Mathew's Life of Mathews on this subject.

"Yes, I see that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one too, but they're all ut now."

"Well, and what then?"

"What then? Why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you have really got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

In town, one of the houses at which he visited most was Lord Harrington's. He was a nice observer of manners; and the perfect high-breeding which characterises every member of the Stanhope family without exception, was exactly to his taste.

Another of his favourite houses was Lady Blessington's. He admired her powers of conversation; he loved to mingle amongst social, literary and political celebrities; and he thought Count D'Orsay one of the most accomplished and agreeable men he had ever known. At Lady Blessington's request he frequently contributed to the Book of Beauty; for example, the verses on Mrs. Lane Fox and Mrs. Verschoyle. He was also in the habit of sending her occasional epigrams, complimentary scraps of verse, or punning notes, like the following: "The newspapers tell us that your new carriage is very highly varnished. This, I presume means your wheeled carriage. The merit of your personal carriage has always been to my mind its absence from all varnish. The question requires that a jury should be im*pannelled*."

Or this—

"Dear Lady Blessington,

"When you next see your American friend, (N. P. W.) have the goodness to accost him as follows:

"In England rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames;
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'mselles or dames.

Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides,
Responsive to Miss Souri.

"Your ladyship's faithful and
"Devoted servant,
"James Smith."

His bachelorship is thus attested in his neice's album:

"Should I seek Hymen's tie,
As a poet I die,
Ye Benedicts mourn my distresses!
For what little fame
Is annexed to my name,
Is derived from *Rejected Addresses*."

His sclitary state, however, certainly proceeded rather from too discursive than too limited an admiration of the sex, for to the latest hour of his life he gave a marked preference to their society, and disliked a dinner-party composed exclusively of males.

The two following are amongst the best of his good things. A gentleman with the same Christian and sir-name took lodgings in the same house. The consequence was, eternal confusion of calls and letters. Indeed the postman had no alternative but to share the letters equally between the two. "This is intolerable, sir," said our friend, "and you must quit." "Why am I to quit more than you?" "Because you are James the Second—and must *abdicate*."

Mr. Bentley proposed to establish a periodical publication, to be called *The Wit's Miscellany*. Smith objected that the title promised too much. Shortly afterwards the publisher came to tell him that he had profited by the hint, and resolved on calling it *Bentley's Miscellany*. "Isn't that going a little too far the other way," was the remark.

A capital pun has been very generally attributed to him. An actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theatres. Some one remarked at the Garrick Club that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders." The pun is perfect, but the real proprietor is Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters as well as one of the cleverest comic writers and finest satirists of the day. We remember hearing James Smith remark, that he clearly preceded Mr. Dickens in the line which first acquired the Pickwick Papers their popularity.

As lawyers, we are glad to be able to add that he had an unfeigned respect for the profession, and would often regret the manner in which it was losing its individual character by becoming blended with the world. He would fain have brought back the times when it was as much a matter of course for a judge to reside in Bloomsbury as for a barrister to have chambers in an inn of court, and we have heard him frequently state that, when Lord Ellenborough set the present fashion by moving to St. James's Square, the circumstance gave general dissatisfaction, and was a prominent topic in the newspapers for a week.

In those days, it was customary on emergencies for the judges to swear affidavits at their dwelling-houses. Smith was desired by his father to attend a judge's chambers for that purpose, but being engaged to dine in Russell Square at the next house to Mr. Justice Holroyd's, he thought he might as well save himself the disagreeable necessity of leaving the party at eight by despatching his business at once; so a few minutes before six, he boldly knocked at the judge's and requested to speak to him on particular business. The judge was at dinner, but came down without delay, swore the affidavit, and then gravely asked what was the pressing necessity that induced our friend to disturb him at that hour. As Smith told the story, he raked his invention for a lie, but finding none fit for the purpose, he blurted out the truth:—

"'The fact is, my lord, I am engaged to dine at the next house—and—and—'

"'And, sir, you thought you might as well save your own dinner by spoiling mine?'

"'Exactly so, my lord, but—'

"'Sir, I wish you a good evening.'"

Though he brazened the matter out, he said he never was more frightened; for he had a perspective reverence for legal dignitaries, and we doubt whether an invitation from one of the royal family would have given him more gratification than an invitation from a judge. We well remember the pleasure with which he dwelt upon a dinner at Baron Gurney's, where he met Lord Denman; and his attachment to Lord Abinger was based full as much on that distinguished person's unrivalled forensic reputation, as on his general acquirements, literary taste, polished manners and sociability.

He was rather fond of a joke on his own branch of the profession; he always gave a peculiar emphasis to the line in his song on the contradictions in names:

"Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney."

and would frequently quote Goldsmith's lines on Hickey, the associate of Burke and other distinquished cotemporaries:

"He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that was a thumper.
Then, what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn yo:
He was, could he help it? a special attorney."

The following playful colloquy in verse took place at a dinner-table between Sir George Rose and himself, in allusion to Craven Street, Strand, where he resided:—

"*J. S.*—'At the top of my street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found:
Fly, Honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street.'

"*Sir G. R.*—'Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges, od rot 'em!
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.'"

He had a proper, unaffected, philosophical respect for rank, but he had formed too true and precise an estimate of his own position to be ever otherwise than at his ease, and no one knew better that the great charm of society is the entire absence of pretension and subserviency—the thorough, practical, operating conviction in the minds of all present that they are placed for the time on a perfect footing of equality.

He had a keen relish for life, but he spoke calmly and indifferently about dying—as in the verses on revisiting Chigwell:

"I fear not, Fate, thy pendant shears:
There are who pray for length of years,
To them, not me, allot 'em—
Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
Midway, a palatable drink,
And wormwood at the bottom."

This is not quite reconcilable with a remark he once made to the writer, that if he could go back to any former period of his life, he would prefer going back to forty. He was about that age when he first came into celebrity.

On the occasion of another visit to Chigwell he wrote thus:

"World, in thy ever busy mart,
I've acted no unnoticed part—
Would I resume it?—Oh, no—
Four acts are done—the jest grows stale,
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks—*cui bono*."

We are informed by his friend and physician, Dr. Paris, by whose skill and attention his life was more than once unexpectedly prolonged, that he did not suffer much during his last illness. He died on the 24th December, 1839, and was buried in the vaults under St. Martin's Church. The funeral, by his own desire, was strictly private.

LIFE OF LORD CLIVE.

From the Edinburgh Review.—[*Continued from the last Albion.*]

The Life of Robert Lord Clive; collected from the Family Papers, communicated by the Earl of Powis. By Major General Sir John Malcolm, K. C.B. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1336.

An attempt made by the goverment of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mohammed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistable, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword.—Clive told him, in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than that mournful legend:—how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water and uttered his latest prayer—how the assassins carried his head in triumph—how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff—and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the prophet of God. After the lapse of nearly twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslems of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation, that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude that had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well-directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The beseiged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any in command. Two hundred English soldiers, and seven hundred sepoys, were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened, by forced marches, to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognised the title of Mahommed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been entrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languor was, that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken—a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumph of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be rased to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step, not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

The government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment, under Clive, to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly.—But just at this conjuncture, Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command. From the waywardness and impatience of control which had characterised Clive, both at school and in the counting-house, it might have been expected that he would not, after such achievements, act with zeal and good humour in a subordinate capacity. But Lawrence had early treated him with kindness; and it is bare justice to Clive to say, that proud and overbearing as he was, kindness was never thrown away upon him. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first. Lawrence well knew the value of such assistance. Though himself gifted with no intellectual faculty higher than plain good sense, he fully appreciated the powers of his brilliant coadjutor. Though he had made a methodical study of military tactics, and, like all men regularly bred to a profession, was disposed to look with disdain on interlopers, he had yet liberality enough to acknowledge that Clive was an exception to common rules. 'Some people,' he wrote, 'are pleased to term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky; but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct everything as it fell out:—a man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier; for, without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success.'

The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends. Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation and intrigue to any European who has borne a part in the revolutions of India, was not qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. His enemies accused him of personal cowardice; and he defended himself in a strain worthy of Captain Bobadil. He kept away from shot, he said, because silence and tranquillity were propitious to his genius, and he found it difficult to pursue his meditations amidst the noise of fire-arms. He was thus under the necessity of entrusting to others the execution of his warlike designs; and he bitterly complained that he was ill-served. He had indeed been assisted by one officer of eminent merit, the celebrated Bussy. But Bussy had marched northward with the Nizam, and was fully employed in looking after his own interests, and those of France, at the court of that prince. Among the officers who remained with Dupleix, there was not a single man of talent; and many of them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly the common soldiers laughed.

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They allowed him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised;—lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

The health of Clive had never been good during his residence in India, and his constitution was now so much impaired that he determined to return to England. Before his departure he undertook a service of considerable difficulty, and performed it with his usual vigour and dexterity. The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were occupied by French garrisons. It was determined to send a force against them. But the only force available for this purpose was of such a description, that no officer but Clive would risk his reputation by commanding it. It consisted of five hundred newly-levied sepoys and two hundred recruits who had just landed from England, and who were the worst and lowest wretches that the Company's crimps could pick up in the flash-houses in London. Clive, ill and exhausted as he was, undertook to make an army of this undisciplined rabble, and march with them to Covelong. A shot from the fort killed one of these extraordinary soldiers; on which all the rest faced about and ran away, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Clive rallied them. On another occasion, the noise of a gun terrified the sentinels so much, that one of them was found, some hours later, at the bottom of a well. Clive gradually accustomed them to danger, and by exposing himself constantly in the most perilous situations, shamed them into courage. He at length succeeded in forming a respectable force out of his unpromising materials. Covelong fell. Clive learned that a strong detachment was marching to relieve it from Chingleput. He took measures to prevent the enemy from learning that they were too late, laid an ambuscade for them on the road, killed a hundred of them with one fire, took three hundred prisoners, pursued the fugitives to the gates of Chingleput, laid siege instantly to that fastness, reputed one of the strongest in India, made a breach, and was on the point of storming, when the French commandant capitulated and retired with his men.

Clive returned to Madras victorious, but in a state of health which rendered it impossible for him to remain there long. He married at this time a young lady of the name of Maskelyne, sister of the eminent mathematician, who long held the post of Astronomer Royal. She is described as handsome and accomplished, and her husband's letters, it is said, contain proofs that he was devotedly attached to her.

Almost immediately after the marriage, Clive embarked with his bride for England. He returned a very different person from the poor slighted boy who had been sent out ten years before to seek his fortune. He was only twenty-seven; yet his country already respected him as one of her first soldiers. There was then general peace in Europe. The Carnatic was the only part of the world where the English and French were in arms against each other. The vast schemes of Dupleix had excited no small uneasiness in the city of London; and the rapid turn of fortune, which was chiefly owing to the courage and talents of Clive, had been hailed with great delight. The young captain was known at the India house by the honourable nick-name of General Clive, and was toasted by that appellation at the feast of the Directors. On his arrival in England, he found himself an object of general interest and admiration. The East India Company thanked him for his services in the warmest terms, and presented him with a sword set with diamonds. With rare delicacy, he declined to receive this token unless a similar compliment was paid to his friend and commander, Lawrence.

It may easily be supposed that Clive was most cordially welcomed home by his family, who were delighted by his success, though they seem to have been hardly able to comprehend how their naughty idle Bobby had become so great a man. His father had been singularly hard of belief. Not until the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England was the old gentleman heard to growl out, that after all the booby had something in him. His expressions of approbation became stronger as news arrived of one brilliant exploit after another; and he was at length immoderately fond and proud of his son.

Clive's relations had very substantial reasons for rejoicing at his return. Considerable sums of prize-money had fallen to his share, and he had brought home several thousands, some of which he expended in extricating his father from pecuniary difficulties, and in redeeming the family estate. The remainder he appears to have dissipated in the course of two years. He lived splendidly, dressed gaily even for those times, kept a carriage and saddle horse, and, not content with these ways of getting rid of his money, resorted to the most speedy and effectual of all modes of evacuation, a contested election followed by a petition.

At the time of the general election of 1754, the Government was in a very singular state. There was scarcely any formal Opposition. The Jacobites had been cowed by the issue of the last Rebellion. The Tory party had fallen into utter contempt. It had been deserted by all the men of talents who had belonged to it, and had scarcely given a symptom of life during some years. The small faction which had been held together by the influence and promises of Prince Frederick, had been dispersed by his death. Almost every public man of distinguished talents in the kingdom, whatever his early connexions had been, was in office, and called himself a Whig. But this extraordinary appearance of concord was quite delusive. The administration itself was distracted by bitter enmities and conflicting pretensions. The chief object of its members was, to depress and supplant each other. The prime minister, Newcastle, weak, timid, jealous, and perfidious, was at once detested and despised by the most important members of his government, and by none more than by Henry Fox, the Secretary at War. This able, daring, and ambitious man seized every opportunity of crossing the First Lord of the Treasury, from whom he well knew that he had little to dread and little to hope; for Newcastle was through life equally afraid of breaking with men of parts and of promoting them.

Newcastle had set his heart on returning two members for St. Michael, one of those wretched Cornish boroughs which were swept away by the Reform Act in 1832. He was opposed by Lord Sandwich, whose influence had long been paramount there; and Fox exerted himself strenuously in Sandwich's behalf. Clive, who had been introduced to Fox, and very kindly received by him, was brought forward on the Sandwich interest, and was returned. But a petition was presented against the return, and was backed by the whole interest of the Duke of Newcastle.

The case was heard, according to the usage of that time, before a committee of the whole House. Questions respecting elections were then considered merely as party questions. Judicial impartiality was not even affected. Sir Robert Walpole was in the habit of saying openly, that in election battles there ought to be no quarter. On the present occasion the excitement was great. The matter really at issue was, not whether Clive had been properly or improperly returned; but whether Newcastle or Fox was to be master of the new House of Commons, and consequently first minister. The contest was long and obstinate and success seemed to lean sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. Fox put forth all his rare powers of debate, beat half the lawyers in the House at their own weapons, and carried division after division against the whole influence of the treasury. The committee decided in Clive's favour. But when the resolution was reported to the House, things took a different course. The remnant of the Tory Opposition, contemptible as it was, had yet sufficient weight to turn the scale between the nicely balanced parties of Newcastle and Fox. Newcastle the Tories could only despise. Fox they hated as the boldest and most subtle politician, and the most able debater among the Whigs; as the steady friend of Walpole, as the devoted adherent of the Duke of Cumberland. After wavering till the last moment, they determined to vote in a body with the Prime Minister's friends. The consequence was, that the House, by a small minority, rescinded the decision of the committee, and Clive was unseated.

Ejected from Parliament, and straitened in his means, he naturally began to look again towards India. The Company and the Government were eager to avail themselves of his services. A treaty favourable to England had indeed been concluded in the Carnatic. Dupleix had been superseded, and had returned with the wreck of his immense fortune to Europe, where calumny and chicanery soon hunted him to his grave. But many signs indicated that a war between France and Great Britain was at hand, and it was therefore thought desirable to send an able commander to the Company's settlements in India. The Directors appointed Clive governor of Fort St. David. The King gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and in 1755 he again sailed for Asia.

The first service in which he was employed after his return to the East, was the reduction of the stronghold of Gheriah. This fortress, built on a craggy promontory, and almost surrounded by the ocean, was the den of a pirate named Angria, whose barks had long been the terror of the Arabian Gulf. Admiral Watson, who commanded the English squadron in the Eastern seas, burned Angria's fleet, while Clive attacked the fastness by land. The place soon fell, and a booty of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was divided among the conquerors.

After this exploit, Clive proceeded to his government of Fort St. David. Before he had been there two months, he received intelligence which called forth all the energy of his bold and active mind.

Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane, the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages, both for agriculture and commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould, which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice fields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with similar exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea-coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilizes the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled in vain against the

enough, the learned recorder for the city of London had only ten minutes previously gone out at that very same door, and had turned round and said, "Good night, my lord." Yes, he had said, 'my lord;'—he, a man of birth and education, of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law—he who had an uncle in the House of Commons, and an aunt almost but not quite in the House of Lords (for she married a feeble peer, and made him vote as she liked)—he, this man, this learned recorder, had said, 'my lord.' "I 'll not wait till to-morrow to give you your title, my Lord Mayor," said he, with a bow and a smile; "you are Lord Mayor *de facto*, if not *de jure*. Good night, my lord!"

The Lord Mayor elect thought of this, and turning to the stranger, and sternly bidding him "go out of his private counting-house," brought forward the three hundred and seventy-two fat capons, and went on with the account.

"Do you remember," said the other, stepping forward,—"*Do* you remember little Joe Toddyhigh?"

The port wine fled for a moment from the fruiterer's nose as he muttered "Joe Toddyhigh! What about Joe Toddyhigh?"

"*I* am Joe Toddyhigh," cried the visiter. "Look at me, look hard at me;—harder, harder. You know me now! you know little Joe again! What a happiness to us both, to meet the very night before your grandeur! Oh! give me your hand, Jack—both hands—both, for the sake of old times."

"You pinch me, sir. You 're a hurting of me," said the Lord Mayor elect pettishly: "don't—suppose anybody should come—Mr. Toddyhigh, sir."

"Mr. Toddyhigh!" repeated the other ruefully.

"Oh! don't bother," said the Lord Mayor elect, scratching his head. "Dear me! Why, I thought you was dead. What a fellow you are!"

Indeed, it was a pretty state of things, and worthy the tone of vexation and disappointment in which the Lord Mayor spoke. Joe Toddyhigh had been a poor boy with him at Hull, and had oftentimes divided his last penny and parted his last crust to relieve his wants, for though Joe was a destitute child in those times, he was faithful and affectionate in his friendship as ever man of might could be. They parted one day to seek their fortunes in different directions. Joe went to sea, and the now wealthy citizen begged his way to London. They separated with many tears like foolish fellows as they were, and agreed to remain fast friends, and if they lived, soon to communicate again.

When he was an errand-boy, and even in the early days of his apprenticeship, the citizen had many a time trudged to the Post-office to ask if there were any letter from poor little Joe, and had gone home again with tears in his eyes, when he found no news of his only friend. The world is a wide place, and it was a long time before the letter came; when it did, the writer was forgotten. It turned from white to yellow from lying in the Post-office with nobody to claim it, and in course of time was torn up with five hundred others, and sold for waste-paper. And now at last, and when it might least have been expected, here was this Joe Toddyhigh turning up and claiming acquaintance with a great public character, who on the morrow would be cracking jokes with the Prime Minister of England, and who had only, at any time during the next twelve months, to say the word, and he could shut up Temple Bar, and make it no thoroughfare for the king himself!

"I am sure I don't know what to say, Mr. Toddyhigh," said the Lord Mayor elect; "I really don't. It's very inconvenient. I'd sooner have given twenty pound—it's very inconvenient, really."

A thought had struggled into his mind, that perhaps his old friend might say something passionate which would give him an excuse for being angry himself. No such thing. Joe looked at him steadily, but very mildly, and did not open his lips.

"Of course I shall pay you what I owe you," said the Lord Mayor elect, fidgeting in his chair. "You lent me—I think it was a shilling or some small coin—when we parted company, and that of course I shall pay, with good interest. I can pay my way with any man, and always have done. If you look into the Mansion House the day after to-morrow—some time after dusk—and ask for my private clerk, you'll find he has a draft for you. I haven't got time to say anything more just now, unless—" he hesitated, for, coupled with a strong desire to glitter for once in all his glory in the eyes of his former companion, was a distrust of his appearance which might be more shabby than he could tell by that feeble light—"unless you'd like to come to the dinner to-morrow. I don't mind your having this ticket, if you like to take it. A great many people would give their ears for it, I can tell you."

His old friend took the card without speaking a word, and instantly departed. His sunburnt face and grey hair were present to the citizen's mind for a moment: but by the time he reached three hundred and eighty-one fat capons, he had quite forgotten him.

Joe Toddyhigh had never been in the capital of Europe before, and he wandered up and down the streets that night, amazed at the number of churches and other public buildings, the splendour of the shops, the riches that were heaped up on every side, the glare of light in which they were displayed, and the concourse of people who hurried to and fro, indifferent apparently to all the wonders that surrounded them. But in all the long streets and broad squares, there were none but strangers; it was quite a relief to turn down a byway and hear his own footsteps on the pavement. He went home to his inn; thought that London was a dreary, desolate place, and felt disposed to doubt the existence of one true-hearted man in the whole worshipful company of Patten-makers. Finally, he went to bed, and dreamed that he and the Lord Mayor elect were boys again.

He went next day to the dinner, and when, in a burst of light and music, and in the midst of splendid decorations and surrounded by brilliant company, his former friend appeared at the head of the Hall, and was hailed with shouts and cheering, he cheered and shouted with the best, and for the moment could have cried. The next moment he cursed his weakness in behalf of a man so changed and selfish, and quite hated a jolly-looking old gentleman opposite for declaring himself, in the pride of his heart, a Patten-maker.

As the banquet proceeded, he took more and more to heart the rich citizen's unkindness,—and that, not from any envy, but because he felt that a man of his state and fortune could all the better afford to recognise an old friend, even if he were poor and obscure. The more he thought of this, the more lonely and sad he felt. When the company dispersed and adjourned to the ball-room, he paced the hall and passages alone, ruminating in a very melancholy condition upon the disappointment he had experienced.

It chanced, while he was lounging about in this moody state, that he stumbled upon a flight of stairs, dark, steep, and narrow, which he ascended without any thought about the matter, and so came into a little music-gallery, empty and deserted. From this elevated post, which commanded the whole hall, he amused himself in looking down upon the attendants, who were clearing away the fragments of the feast very lazily, and drinking out of all the bottles and glasses with most commendable perseverance.

His attention gradually relaxed, and he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, he thought there must be something the matter with his eyes; but, rubbing them a little, he soon found that the moonlight was really streaming through the east window, that the lamps were all extinguished, and that he was alone. He listened, but no distant murmur in the echoing passages, not even the shutting of a door, broke the deep silence; he groped his way down the stairs, and found that the door at the bottom was locked on the other side. He began now to comprehend that he must have slept a long time, that he had been overlooked, and was shut up there for the night.

His first sensation, perhaps, was not altogether a comfortable one, for it was a dark, chilly, earthy-smelling place, and something too large for a man so situated, to feel at home in. However, when the momentary consternation of his surprise was over, he made light of the accident, and resolved to feel his way up the stairs again, and make himself as comfortable as he could in the gallery until morning. As he turned to execute this purpose, he heard the clock strike three.

Any such invasion of a dead stillness as the striking of distant clocks, causes it to appear the more intense and insupportable when the sound has ceased. He listened with strained attention in the hope that some clock, lagging behind its fellows, had yet to strike—looking all the time into the profound darkness before him until it seemed to weave itself into a black tissue, patterned with a hundred reflections of his own eyes. But the bells had all pealed out their warning for that once, and the gust of wind that moaned through the place seemed cold and heavy with their iron breath.

The time and circumstances were favourable to reflection. He tried to keep his thoughts to the current, unpleasant though it was, in which they had moved all day, and to think with what a romantic feeling he had looked forward to shaking his old friend by the hand before he died, and what a wide and cruel difference there was between the meeting they had had, and that which he had so often and so long anticipated. Still he was disordered by waking to such sudden loneliness, and could not prevent his mind from running upon odd tales of people of undoubted courage, who, being shut up by night in vaults or churches, or other dismal places, had scaled great heights to get out, and fled from silence as they had never done from danger. This brought to his mind the moonlight through the window, and bethinking him of it, he groped his way back up the crooked stairs—but very stealthily, as though he were fearful of being overheard.

He was very much astonished when he approached the gallery again, to see a light in the building: still more so, on advancing hastily and looking round, to observe no visible source from which it could proceed. But how much greater yet was his astonishment at the spectacle which this light revealed!

The statues of the two giants, Gog and Magog, each above fourteen feet in height, those which succeeded to still older and more barbarous figures after the Great Fire of London, and which stand in the Guildhall to this day, were endowed with life and motion. These guardian genii of the City had quitted their pedestals, and reclined in easy attitudes in the great stained glass window.—Between them was an ancient cask, which seemed to be full of wine; for the younger Giant, clapping his hand upon it, and throwing up his mighty leg, burst into an exulting laugh, which reverberated through the hall like thunder.

Joe Toddyhigh instinctively stooped down, and, more dead than alive, felt his hair stand on end, his knees knock together, and a cold damp break out upon his forehead. But even at that minute curiosity prevailed over every other feeling, and somewhat reassured by the good-humour of the Giants and their apparent unconsciousness of his presence, he crouched in a corner of the gallery, in as small a space as he could, and peeping between the rails, observed them closely.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE GIANT CHRONICLES.

Turning towards his companion the elder Giant uttered these words in a grave majestic tone:—

"Magog, does boisterous mirth beseem the Giant Warder of this ancient city? Is this becoming demeanour for a watchful spirit over whose bodiless head so many years have rolled, and so many changes swept like empty air—in whose impalpable nostrils the scent of blood and crime, pestilence, cruelty and horror, has been familiar as breath to mortals—in whose sight Time has gathered in the harvest of centuries, and garnered so many crops of human pride, affections, hopes, and sorrows! Bethink you of our compact. The night wanes; feasting, revelry and music have encroached upon our usual hours of solitude, and morning will be here apace. Ere we are stricken mute again, bethink you of our compact."

Pronouncing these latter words with more of impatience than quite accorded with his apparent age and gravity, the Giant raised a long pole (which he still bears in his hand) and tapped his brother Giant rather smartly on the head; indeed the blow was so smartly administered, that the latter quickly withdrew his lips from the cask to which they had been applied, and catching up his shield and halbert assumed an attitude of defence. His irritation was but momentary, for he laid these weapons aside as hastily as he had assumed them, and said as he did so:—

"You know, Gog, old friend, that when we animate these shapes which the Londoners of old assigned (and not unworthily) to the guardian genii of their city, we are susceptible of some of the sensations which belong to human kind. Thus when I taste wine, I feel blows; when I relish the one, I disrelish the other Therefore, Gog, the more especially as your arm is none of the lightest, keep your good staff by your side, else we may chance to differ. Peace be between us."

"Amen!" said the other, leaning his staff in the window-corner; "why did you laugh just now;"—

"To think" replied the Giant Magog, laying his hand upon the cask, "of him who owned this wine, and kept it in the cellar hoarded from the light of day, for thirty years, 'till it should be fit to drink,' quoth he. He was two score and ten years old when he buried it beneath his house, and yet never thought that he might be scarcely 'fit to drink' when the wine became so. I wonder it never occurred to him to make himself unfit to be eaten. There is very little of him left by this time."—

"The night is waning," said Gog mournfully.

"I know it," replied his companion, "and I see you are impatient. But look. Through the eastern window placed opposite to us, that the first beams of the rising sun may every morning gild our giant faces—the moon-rays fall upon the pavement in a stream of light that to my fancy sinks through the cold stone and gushes into the old crypt below. The night is scarcely past its noon, and our great charge is sleeping heavily."

They ceased to speak, and looked upward at the moon. The sight of their large black rolling eyes filled Joe Toddyhigh with such horror that he could scarcely draw his breath. Still they took no note of him, and appeared to believe themselves quite alone.

"Our compact," said Magog after a pause, "is, if I understand it, that, instead of watching here in silence through the dreary nights, we entertain each other with stories of our past experience,—with tales of the past, the present, and the future,—with legends of London and her sturdy citizens from the old simple times. That every night at midnight when St. Paul's bell tolls out one and we may move and speak, we thus discourse, nor leave such themes till the first grey gleam of day shall strike us dumb. Is that our bargain, brother?"

"Yes," said the Giant Gog, "that is the league between us who guard this city, by day in spirit, and by night in body also; and never on ancient holidays have its conduits run wine more merrily than we will pour forth our legendary lore. We are old chroniclers from this time hence. The crumbled walls encircle us once more, the postern-gates are closed, the drawbridge is up, and pent in its narrow den beneath, the water foams and struggles with the sunken startlings Jerkins and quarter-staves are in the streets again, the nightly watch is set, the rebel, sad and lonely in his Tower dungeon, tries to sleep and weeps for home and children. Aloft upon the gates and walls are noble heads, glaring fiercely down upon the dreaming city, and vexing the hungry dogs that scent them in the air and tear the ground beneath with dismal howlings. The axe, the block, the rack, in their dark chambers give signs of recent use. The Thames floating past long lines of cheerful windows whence come a burst of music and a stream of light, bears sullenly to the Palace wall the last red stain brought on the tide from Traitor's-gate. But your pardon, brother. The night wears, and I am talking idly."

The other Giant appeared to be entirely of this opinion, for during the foregoing rhapsody of his fellow-sentinel he had been scratching his head with an air of comical uneasiness, or rather with an air that would have been very comical if he had been a dwarf or an ordinary-sized man. He winked too, and though it could not be doubted for a moment that he winked to himself, still he certainly cocked his enormous eye towards the gallery where the listener was concealed. Nor was this all, for he gaped; and when he gaped, Joe was horribly reminded of the popular prejudice on the subject of giants, and of their fabled power of smelling out Englishmen, however closely concealed.

His alarm was such that he nearly swooned, and it was some little time before his power of sight or hearing was restored. When he recovered he found that the elder Giant was pressing the younger to commence the Chronicles, and that the latter was endeavouring to excuse himself, on the ground that the night was far spent and it would be better to wait until the next. Well assured by this that he was certainly about to begin directly, the listener collected his faculties by a great effort, and distinctly heard Magog express himself to the following effect:—

In the sixteenth century and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory (albeit many of her golden days are rusted with blood) there lived in the city of London a bold young 'prentice who loved his master's daughter. There were no doubt within the walls a great many young 'prentices in this condition, but I speak of only one, and his name was Hugh Graham.

This Hugh was apprenticed to an honest Bowyer who dwelt in the ward of Cheype and was rumoured to possess great wealth. Rumour was quite as infallible in those days as at the present time, but it happened then as now, to be sometimes right by accident. It stumbled upon the truth when it gave the old Bowyer a mint of money. His trade had been a profitable one in the time of King Henry the Eighth, who encouraged English archery to the utmost, and he had been prudent and discreet. Thus it came to pass that Mistress Alice his only daughter was the richest heiress in all his wealthy ward. Young Hugh had often maintained with staff and cudgel that she was the handsomest. To do him justice, I believe she was.

If he could have gained the heart of pretty Mistress Alice by knocking this conviction into stubborn people's heads, Hugh would have had no cause to fear. But though the Bowyer's daughter smiled in secret to hear of his doughty deeds for her sake, and though her little waiting-woman reported all her smiles (and many more) to Hugh, and though he was at a vast expense in kisses and small coin to recompense her fidelity, he made no progress in his love. He durst not whisper it to Mistress Alice save on sure encouragement, and that she never gave him. A glance of her dark eye as she sat at the door on a summer's evening after prayer time, while he and the neighbouring 'prentices exercised themselves in the street with blunted sword and buckler, would fire Hugh's blood so that none could stand before him; but then she glanced at others quite as kindly as on him, and where was the use of cracking crowns if Mistress Alice smiled upon the cracked as well as on the cracker?

Still Hugh went on, and loved her more and more. He thought of her all day, and dreamed of her all night long. He treasured up her every word and gesture, and had a palpitation of the heart whenever he heard her footstep on the stairs or her voice in an adjoining room. To him, the old Bowyer's house was haunted by an angel; there was enchantment in the air and space in which she moved. It would have been no miracle to Hugh if flowers had sprung from the rush-strewn floors beneath the tread of lovely Mistress Alice.

Never did 'prentice long to distinguish himself in the eyes of his lady-love so ardently as Hugh. Sometimes he pictured to himself the house taking fire by night, and he, when all drew back in fear, rushing through flame and smoke bearing her from the ruins in his arms. At other times he thought of a rising of fierce rebels, an attack upon the city, a strong assault upon the Bowyer's house in particular, and he falling on the threshhold pierced with numberless wounds in defence of Mistress Alice. If he could only enact some prodigy of valour, do some wonderful deed and let her know that she had inspired it, he thought he could die contented.

Sometimes the Bowyer and his daughter would go out to supper with a worthy citizen at the fashionable hour of six o'clock, and on such occasions Hugh wearing his blue 'prentice cloak as gallantly as 'prentice might, would attend with a lantern and his trusty club to escort them home. These were the brightest moments of his life. To hold the light while Mistress Alice picked her steps, to touch her hand as he helped her over broken ways, to have her leaning on his arm—it sometimes even came to that—this was happiness indeed!

When the nights were fair, Hugh followed in the rear, his eyes rivetted on the graceful figure of the Bowyer's daughter as she and the old man moved on before him. So they threaded the narrow winding streets of the city, now passing beneath the overhanging gables of old wooden houses whence creaking signs projected into the street, and now emerging from some dark and frowning gateway into the clear moonlight. At such times, or when the shouts of straggling brawlers met her ear, the Bowyer's daughter would look timidly back to Hugh beseeching him to draw nearer; and then how he grasped his club and longed to do battle with a dozen rufflers, for the love of Mistress Alice!

The old Bowyer was in the habit of lending money on interest to the gallants of the Court, and thus it happened that many a richly-dressed gentleman dismounted at his door. More waving plumes and gallant steeds, indeed, were seen at the Bowyer's house, and more embroidered silks and velvets sparkled in his dark shop and darker private closet than at any merchant's in the city. In those times no less than in the present it would seem that the richest-looking cavaliers often wanted money the most.

Of these glittering clients there was one who always came alone. He was always nobly mounted, and having no attendant gave his horse in charge to Hugh while he and the Bowyer were closeted within. Once as he sprung into the saddle, Mistress Alice was seated at an upper window, and before she could withdraw he had doffed his jewelled cap and kissed his hand. Hugh watched him caracoling down the street, and burnt with indignation. But how much deeper was the glow that reddened in his cheeks when raising his eyes to the casement he saw that Alice watched the stranger too!

He came again and often, each time arrayed more gaily than before, and still the little casement showed him Mistress Alice. At length one heavy day, she fled from home. It had cost her a hard struggle, for all her old father's gifts were strewn about her chamber as if she had parted from them one by one and knew that the time must come when these tokens of his love would wring her heart—yet she was gone.

She left a letter commending her poor father to the care of Hugh, and wishing he might be happier than he could ever have been with her, for he deserved the love of a better and a purer heart than she had to bestow. The old man's forgiveness (she said) she had no power to ask, but she prayed God to bless him—and so ended with a blot upon the paper where her tears had fallen.

At first the old man's wrath was kindled, and he carried his wrong to the Queen's throne itself; but there was no redress he learnt at Court, for his daughter had been conveyed abroad. This afterwards appeared to be the truth, as there came from France, after an interval of several years, a letter in her hand. It was written in trembling characters, and almost illegible. Little could be made out save that she often thought of home and her old dear pleasant room—and that she had dreamt her father was dead and had not blessed her—and that her heart was breaking.

The poor old Bowyer lingered on, never suffering Hugh to quit his sight, for he knew now that he had loved his daughter and that was the only link that bound him to earth. It broke at length, and he died, bequeathing his old 'prentice his trade and all his wealth, and solemnly charging him, with his last breath to revenge his child if ever he who had worked her misery crossed his path in life again.

From the time of Alice's flight, the tilling-ground, the fields, the fencing-school, the summer evening sports, knew Hugh no more. His spirit was dead within him. He rose to great eminence and repute among the citizens, but he was never seen to smile, and never mingled in their revelries or rejoicings.—Brave, humane, and generous, he was loved by all. He was pitied too by those who knew his story; and these were so many, that when he walked along the streets alone at dusk, even the rude common people doffed their caps, and mingled a rough air of sympathy with their respect.

One night in May—it was her birthnight, and twenty years since she had left her home—Hugh Graham sat in the room she had hallowed in his boyish days. He was now a grey-haired man, though still in the prime of life. Old thoughts had borne him company for many hours, and the chamber had gradually got quite dark, when he was roused by a low knocking at the outer door.

He hastened down, and, opening it, saw by the light of a lamp which he had seized in the way, a female figure crouching in the portal. It hurried swiftly past him, and glided up the stairs. He looked out for pursuers. There were none in sight.

He was inclined to think it a vision of his own brain when suddenly a vague suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind. He barred the door and hastened wildly back. Yes, there she was—there, in the chamber he had quitted,—there in her old innocent happy home, so changed that none but he could trace one gleam of what she had been—there upon her knees—with her hands clasped in agony and shame before her burning face.

"My God, my God!" she cried, "now strike me dead! Though I have brought death and shame and sorrow on this roof, oh, let me die at home in mercy!"

There was no tear upon her face then, but she trembled and glanced round the chamber. Everything was in its old place. Her bed looked as if she had risen from it but that morning. The sight of these familiar objects marking the dear remembrance in which she had been held, and the blight she had brought upon herself, was more than the woman's better nature that had carried her there, could bear. She wept and fell upon the ground.

A rumour was spread about, in a few days' time, that the Bowyer's cruel daughter had come home, and that Master Hugh Graham had given her lodging in his house. It was rumoured too that he had resigned her fortune, in order that she might bestow it in acts of charity, and that he had vowed to guard her in her solitude, but that they were never to see each other more. These rumours greatly incensed all virtuous wives and daughters in the ward, especially when they appeared to receive some corroboration from the circumstance of Master Graham taking up his abode in another tenement hard by. The estimation in which he was held, however, forbade any questioning on the subject, and as the Bowyer's house was close shut up, and nobody came forth when public shows and festivities were in progress, or to flaunt in the public walks, or to buy new fashions at the mercers' booths, all the well-conducted females agreed among themselves that there could be no woman there.

These reports had scarcely died away when the wonder of every good citizen, male and female, was utterly absorbed and swallowed up by a Royal Proclamation, in which her Majesty, strongly censuring the practice of wearing long Spanish rapiers of preposterous length (as being a bullying and swaggering custom, tending to bloodshed and public disorder) commanded that on a particular day therein named, certain grave citizens should repair to the city gates, and there, in public, break all rapiers worn or carried by persons claiming admission, that exceeded, though it were only by a quarter of an inch, three standard feet in length.

Royal Proclamations usually take their course, let the public wonder never so much. On the appointed day two citizens of high repute, took up their stations at each of the gates, attended by a party of the city guard: the main body to enforce the Queen's will, and take custody of all such rebels (if any) as might have the temerity to dispute it: and a few to bear the standard measures and instruments for reducing all unlawful sword-blades to the prescribed dimensions. In pursuance of these arrangements, Master Graham and another were posted at Lud Gate, on the hill before Saint Paul's.

A pretty numerous company were gathered together at this spot, for besides the officers in attendance to enforce the proclamation, there was a motley crowd of lookers-on of various degrees, who raised from time to time such shouts and cries as the circumstances called forth. A spruce young courtier was the first who approached; he unsheathed a weapon of burnished steel that shone and glistened in the sun, and handed it with the newest air to the officer, who, finding it exactly three feet long, returned it with a bow. Thereupon the gallant raised his hat and crying, "God save the Queen," passed on amidst the plaudits of the mob. Then came another—a better courtier still—who wore a blade but two feet long, whereat the people laughed, much to the disparagement of his honour's dignity. Then came a third, a sturdy old officer of the army, girded with a rapier at least a foot and a half beyond her Majesty's pleasure; at him they raised a great shout and most of the spectators (but especially those who were armourers and cutlers) laughed very heartily at the breakage which would ensue. But they were disappointed, for the old campaigner, coolly unbuckling his sword and bidding his servant carry it home again, passed through unarmed, to the great indignation of all the spectators. They relieved themselves in some degree by hooting a tall blustering fellow with a prodigious weapon, who stopped short on coming in sight of the preparations, and after a little consideration turned back again; but all this time no rapier had been broken although it was high noon, and all cavaliers of any quality or appearance were taking their way towards Saint Paul's churchyard.

During these proceedings Master Graham had stood apart, strictly confining himself to the duty imposed upon him, and taking little heed of anything beyond. He stepped forward now as a richly dressed gentleman on foot, followed by a single attendant, was seen advancing up the hill.

As the person drew nearer, the crowd stopped their clamour and bent forward with eager looks. Master Graham standing alone in the gateway, and the stranger coming slowly towards him, they seemed, as it were, set face to face. The gentleman (for so he looked one) had a haughty and disdainful air, which bespoke the slight estimation in which he held the citizen. The citizen on the other hand preserved the resolute bearing of one who was not to be frowned down or daunted, and who cared very little for any nobility but that of worth and manhood. It was perhaps some consciousness on the part of each, of these feelings in the other, that infused a more stern expression into their regards as they came closer together.

"Your rapier, worthy Sir!"

At the instant that he pronounced these words Graham started, and falling back some paces, laid his hand upon the dagger in his belt.

"You are the man whose horse I used to hold before the Bowyer's door? You are that man? Speak!"

"Out, you 'prentice hound!" said the other.

"You are he! I know you well!" cried Graham. "Let no man step between us two, or I shall be his murderer." With that he drew his dagger and rushed in upon him.

The stranger had drawn his weapon from the scabbard ready for the scrutiny, before a word was spoken. He made a thrust at his assailant, but the dagger which Graham clutched in his left hand being the dirk in use at that time for parrying such blows promptly turned the point aside. They closed. The dagger fell rattling upon the ground, and Graham wresting his adversary's sword from his grasp, plunged it through his heart. As he drew it out it snapped in two, leaving a fragment in the dead man's body.

All this passed so swiftly that the bystanders looked on without an effort to interfere; but the man was no sooner down than an uproar broke forth which rent the air. The attendant rushing through the gate proclaimed that his master, a nobleman, had been set upon and slain by a citizen; the word quickly spread from mouth to mouth; Saint Paul's cathedral and every book-shop, ordinary, and smoking-house in the churchyard poured out its stream of cavaliers and their followers, who, mingling together in a dense tumultuous body, struggled, sword in hand, towards the spot.

With equal impetuosity and stimulating each other by loud cries and shouts, the citizens and common people took up the quarrel on their side, and encircling Master Graham a hundred deep, forced him from the gate. In vain he waved the broken sword above his head, crying that he would die on London's threshold for their sacred homes. They bore him on, and ever keeping him in the midst so that no man could attack, fought their way into the city.

The clash of swords and roar of voices, the dust and heat and pressure, the trampling under foot of men, the distracted looks and shrieks of women at the windows above as they recognised their relatives or lovers in the crowd, the rapid tolling of alarm bells, the furious rage and passion of the scene were fearful.—Those who being on the outskirts of each crowd could use their weapons with effect fought desperately, while those behind maddened with baffled rage struck at each other over the heads of those before them, and crushed their own fellows. Wherever the broken sword was seen above the people's heads, towards that spot the cavaliers made a new rush. Every one of these charges was marked by sudden gaps in the throng where men were trodden down, but as fast as they were made, the tide swept over them and still the multitude pressed on again, a confused mass of swords, clubs, staves, broken plumes, fragments of rich cloaks and doublets, and angry bleeding faces, all mixed up together in inextricable disorder.

The design of the people was to force Master Graham to take refuge in his dwelling, and to defend it until the authorities could interfere or they could gain time for parley. But either from ignorance, or in the confusion of the moment, they stopped at his old house which was closely shut. Some time was lost in beating the doors open and passing him to the front. About a score of the boldest of the other party threw themselves into the torrent while this was being done, and reaching the door at the same moment with himself, cut him off from his defenders.

"I never will turn in such a righteous cause, so help me Heaven!"—cried Graham in a voice that at last made itself heard, and confronting them as he spoke. "Least of all will I turn upon this threshold which owes its desolation to such men as ye. I give no quarter, and I will have none! Strike!"

For a moment they stood at bay. At that moment a shot from an unseen hand—apparently fired by some person who had gained access to one of the opposite houses,—struck Graham in the brain and he fell dead. A wail was heard in the air; many people in the concourse cried that they had seen a spirit glide across the little casement window of the Bowyer's house.

A dead silence succeeded. After a short time some of the flushed and heated throng lay down their arms and softly carried the body within doors. Others fell off or slunk away in knots of two or three, others whispered together in groups, and before a numerous guard, which then rode up, could muster in the street, it was nearly empty.

Those who carried Master Graham to the bed up-stairs, were shocked to see a woman lying beneath the window with her hands clasped together. After trying to recover her in vain, they laid her near the citizen, who still retained, tightly grasped in his right hand, the first and last sword that was broken that day at Lud Gate.

The Giant uttered these concluding words with sudden precipitation, and on the instant the strange light which had filled the hall, faded away. Joe glanced involuntarily at the eastern window and saw the first pale gleam of morning.—He turned his head again towards the other window in which the Giants had been seated. It was empty. The cask of wine was gone, and he could dimly make out that the two great figures stood mute and motionless upon their pedestals.

After rubbing his eyes and wondering for full half an hour, during which time he observed morning come creeping on, he yeilded to the drowsiness which overpowered him and fell into a refreshing slumber. When he awoke it was broad day; the building was open, and workmen were busily engaged in removing the vestiges of last night's feast.

Stealing gently down the little stairs, and assuming the air of some early lounger who had dropped in from the streets, he walked up to the foot of each pedestal in turn, and attentively examined the figure it supported. There could be no doubt about the features of either; he recollected the exact expression they had worn at different passages of their conversation, and recognized in every line and lineament the Giants of the night. Assured that it was no vision but that he had heard and seen with his own proper senses, he walked forth, determined at all hazards to conceal himself in the Guildhall again that evening. He further resolved to sleep all day, so that he might be very wakeful and vigilant, and above all that he might take notice of the figures at the precise moment of their becoming animated and subsiding into their old state, which he greatly reproached himself for not having done already.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MASTER HUMPHREY.

"Sir, Before you proceed any further in your account of your friends and what you say and do when you meet together, excuse me if I proffer my claim to be elected to one of the vacant chairs in that old room of yours. Don't reject me without full consideration, for if you do you'll be sorry for it afterwards—you will upon my life.

"I inclose my card, sir, in this letter. I never was ashamed of my name, and I never shall be. I am considered a devilish gentlemanly fellow, and I act up to the character. If you want a reference, ask any of the men at our club. Ask any fellow who goes there to write his letters, what sort of conversation mine is. Ask him if he thinks I have the sort of voice that will suit your deaf friend and make him hear anything at all. Ask the servants what they think of me. There's not a rascal among 'em sir, but will tremble to hear my name. That reminds me—don't you say too much about that housekeeper of yours; it's a low subject, damned low.

"I tell you what, sir. If you vote me into one of those empty chairs, you'll have among you a man with a fund of gentlemanly information that'll rather astonish you. I can let you into a few anecdotes about some fine women of title, that are quite high life, sir—the tip-top sort of thing. I know the name of every man who has been out on an affair of honour within the last five-and-twenty years; I know the private particulars of every cross and squabble that has taken place upon the turf, at the gaming-table or elsewhere, during the whole of that time. I have been called the gentlemanly chronicle. You may consider yourself a lucky dog; upon my soul you may congratulate yourself, though I say so.

"It's an uncommon good notion that of yours, not letting anybody know where you live. I have tried it, but there has always been an anxiety respecting me which has found me out. Your deaf friend is a cunning fellow to keep his name so close. I have tried that too, but have always failed. I shall be proud to make his acquaintance—tell him so, with my compliments.

"You must have been a queer fellow when you were a child, confounded queer. It's odd all that about the picture in your first paper,—prosy, but told in a devilish gentlemanly sort of way. In places like that, I could come in with great effect with a touch of life—Don't you feel that!

"I am anxiously waiting for your next paper to know whether your friends live upon the premises, and at your expense, which I take it for granted is the case. If am right in this impression I know a charming fellow (an excellent companion and most delightful company) who will be proud to join you. Some years ago he seconded a great many prize-fighters and once fought an amateur match himself; since then, he has driven several mails, broken at different periods all the lamps on the right-hand side of Oxford-street, and six times carried away every bell handle in Bloomsbury-square, besides turning off the gas in various thoroughfares. In point of gentlemanliness he is unrivalled, and I should say that next to myself he is of all men the best suited to your purpose.

"Expecting your reply, I am, &c. &c."

Master Humphrey informs this gentleman that his application, both as it concerns himself and his friend, is rejected.

DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The twenty third of April was, indeed "a bright day," as the President of the Society expressed it, in the "English calendar." The City Hotel never displayed a more beautiful room or held a happier assemblage. Messrs. Warrin, Waller, Stothard, and Clapham, the stewards, showed themselves worthy of office; and while flags and other ornaments hid every inch of dull wall, a most magnificent St. George's Standard of satin and emblazoned by a fine painting of our patron saint, the gift of Robert Kermit, Esq., was suspended over the chair of the President. A new transparency of the saint, by Purcell, and a suite of pretty silk national banners, the kind gift of lady friends, also added to the general beauty of the room. And, outside, a new full-sized standard floated.

Never was there so strong a muster of members and friends; and never did they come or go more happy. No less than 160 sat down to dinner—occupying three full tables, besides the head one.

The president, Charles Edwards, Esq., was ably supported by his first and second vice-president; Edward F. Sanderson and William D. Cuthbertson, Esqs. Among the invited guests we observed T. C. Grattan, Esq., our popular Consul at Boston, David Hadden, Esq., as the representative from the St. Andrew's Society, Robert Hogan, Esq. the representative from the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Conrad W. Faber, Esq., as the representative from the German Society, Egbert Benson, Esq., from the Knickerbocker Society. The Chaplain, the Reverend Dr. Wainright, Commodore Perry, Vice-Chancellor McCoun, J. C. Zimmerman, Esq., Dutch Consul, Robert Kermit, Esq., and others.

The musical department was very full and effective. This may well be believed, when we say that Mr. C. E. Horn controlled it, and was aided by his son, Mr. C. Horn, and by Messrs. Martin, Manvers, Kyle Senr., Williams, and others. These gentlemen sang "Non nobis Domine" most effectively when dinner was concluded.

In introducing the first standard toast, the president observed how, on St. George's Day, an Englishman's heart takes wings and communes with old friends in familiar places, pride of country clings to our flag, and we feel like kindred of one family who have been too long asunder. And after other remarks, he gave

The Day, and all who honour it, St. George and Merry England. Music.

The guests seemed quite ready for the next toast; and thus the president introduced it. Brothers of St. George and friends to England generally—never was there a more interesting period for our country than the present. A fair lady is queen of the isles. Simplicity and purity take the throne that has been filled by warrior kings. Gentle peace goes hand in hand with our queen. She seems so guileless that envy dare not lift its head. And the interest that we feel for the fairest rose in England's garden is now increased: for we know that "Cupid, all armed," hath visited the lady. We strew flowers in the way of the noble youth who has obtained the hand of our beautiful, our own. But, gentlemen, in drinking to the queen of England, it is not to personal charms, it is not to personal virtue, that we alone pay homage. In drinking to the Queen of England we wed her to England's greatness. We build her throne upon the great works of our good men. We call up the spirit of freedom that sits at the council, convoys our fleet, and pioneers our army; and we draw around her a circle, within the sweep of which still live the virtues of our ancestors, and still rise the white homes of relations and dear friends! In the name, then, of all that is great—in the name of all that is good—in memory of the past—in the future weal of our own Sovereign, our own England, I call upon you to drink, and with a prayer-like feeling:—

The Queen; God bless Her!!—(Three times three; and away went three cheers more.) National anthem, beautifully sung by Manvers, Horn, Martin.

The Chairman appropriately introduced the next toast of two simple christian names, sounded with blessings from millions of christian subjects:—

Albert and Victoria. Glee, Queen of the Valley, Music by Callcott.

"Queen of the Valley, thou art beautiful,
"Thy walls like silver sparkle to the sun,
"Melodious wave thy groves. Thy garden sweets
"Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
"Lie the long shadows of thy towers,
"And high in heav'n, thy temple, pyramids
"Arise! Thou art beautiful,
"Queen of the Valley—long may'st thou flourish
"In thy beauty, long prosper beneath the
"Conqueror, who conquers to redeem,
"Long years of peace and happiness await
"Thy Lord and thee. Queen of the Valley."

The President of the United States, and the people of the United States,—which was the third standard toast, received full respect from the chair.

Music. "Hail Columbia."

In introducing, *The wooden walls of old England*, the president observed how Britannia had gained another feather in her helmet, by placing the giant steam in iron fetters and sending him, with meteor flight, across the Atlantic. And well, said he, might the St. George's Society remember it: for while the new world stood on tip-toe and gazed into the space of the ocean to see how far manly daring could run past the theory of philosophy, one of the very flags then ornamenting the banquet was seen to hover over the bold vessel and to point to our own star in the east, our own England, as the country from whence the bold experiment rushed.

Duet by Messrs. Horn, "Oh Albion," which was most enthusiastically encored.

The British army was the next standard toast.

Song, Mr. Manvers, "The Soldier King."

In proposing The United States Navy, a very pretty compliment was paid to Captain Perry, the invited guest, by a reference to the magnanimous conduct of his brother the late Commodore Perry, in the action upon the lakes. It applied, not only to his gallant conduct, but particularly to his treatment of his prisoners: for a brave British officer, who was in his power, said, that "his conduct to his prisoners alone would have immortalized him."

Music. "The Star Spangled Banner."

Captain Perry, with his heart evidently full, acknowledged the toast in a manly manner. Showed the kindness he had received from British officers; and gave:—

The British Naval officer. In peace and in war, on shipboard or on shore, always to be admired and respected.

In drinking to, *Our Sister Societies of this city; and their worthy representatives, our welcome guests:* the president welcomed the president of St. Andrews, for "Auld lang syne;" he assured the president of the friendly sons of St. Patrick that they were green in the memory of the members of St. George, as their own Shamrock: that he gave the right hand of fellowship to the representative from the German Society, because Germany had given a long line of British princes, and Saxon blood called him "brother;" while the representative from the St. Nicholas was not only welcome on his own account, but St. Nicholas was found a saint in the English calendar. And here the president told a capital story of two little English boys who were sent to Italy to school. On their way they slept at an Inn; the landlord killed and made them into pork pies. St. Nicholas appeared to mine host, taxed him with the murder, brought the little English boys to life, when they made their bow to St. Nicholas and departed to school.

David Hadden, Esq., rose and said:—

Mr. President—I return you my warmest thanks for the honor which devolves on the society which I now represent, and I very much mistake the material of which it is composed, if it will not, on all occasions, be found ready and willing to reciprocate such acts of kindness and courtesy. I congratulate you, Sir, on the return of this joyous day, a day on which I also rejoice, as one born on the south of the Tweed—ay, as a very southerner. I congratulate you also on this goodly assembly, here present, holding that such social intercourse tends greatly to promote the benevolent views of our societies—views which ought not for a moment to be considered as contracted or illiberal, because our charity is confined to our own countrymen, for we lay not the burden on others, but the contributions are raised among ourselves; neither need it, in the least, prevent us from acting up to the principles of universal charity, on all fitting occasions. From my many years' experience in the utility of these societies, I consider myself entitled to call on every Englishman in New York, whom God has prospered in any moderate degree, to join this society and lend it his heart and hand, assured that he will be none the poorer for it—for where shall a poor distressed Englishman, in a foreign land, look for relief, but to his own countrymen, mayhap of his own kindred and blood! Let us therefore unite, Mr. President, in a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. I will propose to you as a toast

Old England—Her system of National Morals is based on Principle, not Expediency.

Robert Hogan, Esq., then addressed the chair, thus:—

Mr. President—Gentlemen of the St. George's Society—In rising as the representative of the society of the friendly sons of St. Patrick, to respond to the toast which you have just pledged in a manner so complimentary to the sister societies, I cannot refrain from an expression of the sincere pleasure I feel in being this evening your honoured guest, and in again having the happiness to participate with you in the celebration of an anniversary, which, though peculiarly connected with the charitable design of your benevolent society, must yet necessarily stir up those associations which the recurrence of this day will never fail to awaken not only in your own hearts, but in the memories of those who have the good fortune to be favoured with the opportunity of commingling their sympathies with yours at this joyous festivity.

The day, the occasion, the men in whose presence I now stand, irresistibly invite my thoughts to England; and, gentlemen, history has in vain revealed her rich treasures to that being who does not glow at the recital of the deeds of your countrymen, and insensible must he be to the social, political, and intellectual advancement of his fellow man, if he fail to recognize the mighty influence exercised by England, in the promotion of those high aims, the prosecution of which now engrosses the attention of every virtuous and enlightened member of the great human family. Favouring circumstances may have enabled one nation, with which many of us have now the happiness to be identified, to make greater strides in the recognition of human rights, and in contributing to the improvement of the social and physical condition of man. But to the high honour of England, the initiatory movement there originated, and its abettors here, sprang from the loins of an English ancestry.

Though your rulers at home may not have always kept pace with the cravings of the popular voice, or the requirements of the popular mind, the glorious course of your country has been ever onward, and she has long since attained a moral sway among the nations of the earth, such as no other empire of ancient or modern times ever enjoyed. The Briton of the present day is as deservedly proud of the appellation as ever the citizens of Athens and Rome of their respective patronymics, in the palmiest days of those time-honoured republics.

Whatever causes of complaint my native land had against British rule in former times, and heaven knows they were bitter and numerous, such are now nearly allayed, and, I believe, among the millions who, in our day, render fealty to the British sceptre, Victoria numbers none more faithful than the sons of Erin; nor among the patriots and statesmen of your own beloved England, does she marshal more devoted and chivalrous supporters than Ireland presents in the persons of her *illustrious* O'Connell and his distinguished associates.

Gentlemen, I recently united, and gladly united with you, in celebrating, in this city, the nuptials of the Queen and Prince Albert. That celebration, and the interesting circumstances associated with it, will long hold a place in my memory, and I envy not the man, no matter in what land he may have been cradled, who, being present at the spectacle spread out before him on that day, did not feel his heart thrill in extatic sympathy with the sweet and mellowed joyousness of the occasion. I now cursorily allude to that memorable fete, because the object sought to be attained by the mode of celebration adopted, was so entirely in unison with that spirit of beneficence, which forms the strongest bond of our charitable associations, that I was prompted to embrace the opportunity with the view of expressing a hope that the beautiful scene in which we then participated may exert an influence on each and all of us, in inducing a zealous co-operation for the more effectual relief of the necessities of our indigent fellow-countrymen. The St. George's Society has long held a distinguished rank among the benevolent associations of the city of New York, and in concluding these desultory remarks, I pray you, gentlemen, to accept my most fervent good wishes for its continuance and increasing prosperity. Permit me to offer for your acceptance this toast,

"The British Sceptre—May it long endure a perennial emblem of British Sovereignty."

The representative from the German Society thus responded to the toast:—

Mr. President—The kind feelings entertained by the St. George's Society towards its sister institutions of the city, so eloquently expressed by yourself, will ever be highly valued by that society, as whose representative I have again the honour of being your guest at this festive board.

If at all times, and in every part of the globe, the return of St. George's day is hailed by Englishmen as reminding them of the land of their birth, of their ancestors, of their happiness, of all the great names and great deeds, which they have been taught most early to venerate—yet these reminiscences appear this day thrown into the shade by the late interesting event in your youthful Queen's life—and if she herself could have witnessed your enthusiasm, she must have been satisfied that your love of your country is identified with your attachment to your sovereign—that you glory in your loyalty.

I have always, sir, admired this trait in your national character,—however divided in opinion *at home*, Englishmen are ever found united *abroad* in their pious attachment to Old England and her Institutions—and I am confident, that I shall be most heartily joined by every one here present in the sentiment which, without trespassing any longer on your patience, I now beg leave to propose:—

English Loyalty—May it ever prove the Guardian Angel of English liberty.

Egbert Benson, Esq., representing the St. Nicholas' Society, likewise addressed the society in a neat and appropriate speech.

The next standard toast, as it related to a gentleman so highly and universally esteemed as Anthony Barclay, Esq., we give entire. Brothers of St. George, said Mr. Edwards, while the Society has gained nothing in placing me in the president's chair, it may have lost much, in losing from office our esteemed friend Mr. Barclay. Although the general duties of the office are difficult, I have here a duty I can perform, I may speak of our friend. I have a right to introduce his name to you; to call to mind his kindness to me while an officer under him; and to show how ready he was on all occasions, to meet all your wishes. The character of the fine old English gentleman has long been an heir-loom in the family of Barclay, and it has lost nothing in the present generation, as is proved by the conduct of our late president. With manners and deportment suited to the appointment, he brought a scholar's mind; the high toned, indomitable honesty so characteristic of a right royal British merchant; and a heart and hand always open to a suffering son of England. With our best wishes then, for his health, happiness, length of days, and that some of those days may be spent in the St. George's Society, I give you: Our late President, Mr. Anthony Barclay.

Song, "The fine Old English Gentleman," (beautifully sung by Mr. Martin.)

Mr. Barclay, in returning thanks, said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen—Your compliment has overwhelmed me. I am unable satisfactorily to express my grateful acknowledgments for the honour you have done me,—an honour unexpected in any shape and at any time, but especially taking me by surprise, by the additional distinction of being introduced before your standard toasts are disposed of.

Sir, I will not deny, that it was with great pride I entered upon the duties of President of this Society; it was with still greater gratification that I continued a second and a third year in office, as re-election assured me of your approbation: but my greatest happiness is in *retiring* with the expressions of that approbation from the united voices of this large and most respectable assembly. I feel, in truth and candour, that I am more indebted to your kindness, Mr. President and Gentlemen, than to the station I have just relinquished in your society, for the favourable opinion you have expressed; but of the sincerity of that opinion I am so fortunate as to have no room left for doubt, after having had the honour to be thrice elected by you to fill the chair now graced by my learned friend.

Gentlemen—I have ever been—as I now am—ambitious of your approbation; and I pray you not to think me ungrateful. As to the Presidency of this society, I have always considered, that *the office honours the man;* but, for that very reason, there exists the stronger obligation, that (as the Grecian Epaminondas said) "*the man should likewise honour the office.*" Yet I acknowledge, that I left *undone* things which I ought to have *done*. For these I am persuaded that I shall more readily obtain *your* pardon than *my own*. I lament those opportunities *lost*: so much for the negative proposition, leaving *undone*. Happy indeed shall I be, if you—the Grand Inquest—find "*No Bill*" against me upon an affirmative accusation, of having *done* things which I ought *not* to have done.

Permit me to congratulate you, Gentlemen, that you have found a successor more prompt, more adroit, less encumbered by his private affairs, still advancing in the vigour and activity of early manhood,—with a ready head, a willing heart, and a tongue that will act the skilful accoucheur to their conceptions.—Long may my learned friend continue to grace that chair! to the advantage of the Society, to the promotion of its benevolence, to your satisfaction, and his own.

I consider it a duty, Mr. President and Gentlemen, on retiring from office, to notice at this public anniversary the flourishing state of your society, for the information and gratification of those members who may have been prevented by circumstances from becoming always acquainted with the operations of the society,—and for the encouragement of our countrymen—who are *not* members—to become so. There has been a regular, and great accession of members during the last three years; but we should welcome many more, as there has been more than a corresponding increase of the objects of your bounty. There is good reason to believe, from the high respectability of your body *corporate*, (thanks to the chair, that you can assume that still), from the earnestness manifested in the benevolent object of it, and from the invariable harmony which prevails among us,—that our numbers will continue to increase. Nay! we have a better ground on which to rest a hope of the prosperity of your society,—the favour which the Almighty God of mercy delights to show to those who aid the widow, the orphan, and the destitute. Thank God! sir, the society of St. George presents, in the roll of its members, as respectable a list as any portion of the population of this great city can exhibit. Thank God, I can attest to you, after three year's service as your presiding officer, that, besides the daily cases of temporary relief,—numbers, not only individuals, but families, have yearly by your aid been restored to their native homes, to their relatives, and to the circles of their former industry in old England, who could find no employment, and consequently no comfort, here; that the voluntary additional contributions of some of your members, (many times exceeding their annual subscriptions), never disappointed me of obtaining the relief required,—and that, to my knowledge, never was a proper applicant dismissed without assistance.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, permit me once more to congratulate you; I am persuaded that I need make no apology, when I name that interesting event, the Nuptials of our youthful Queen. May it prove an union pregnant with happiness to the royal pair! In this wish I dare not believe that any one present consents, but with a hearty *Amen*. We cannot but feel most sensibly and affectionately interested for our blooming Sovereign,—and pray to Heaven that the lot which Providence has presented to Her Majesty's acceptance, may be attended with blessings to Her Majesty;—yes, and to the British nation. May Victoria prove the folly of the Salique law of succession, the exclusion of the female line,—and that woman has a *soul* (triumphantly annihilating the Musselman's dogma,) and is as capable of wielding an imperial sceptre, as is any of her cotemporaries of "sterner stuff." In private families it is of little moment,

overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot, and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Other provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate and accustomed to peaceful avocations, bore the same relation to other Asiatics, which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb, that in Valencia the earth is water and the men women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the Lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does, he does languidly. His favourite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bodily exertion; and, though voluble in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred genuine Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke.

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Lower down the stream, the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighbourhood had sprung up a large and busy native town, where some Hindoo merchants of great opulence had fixed their abode. But the tract now covered by the palaces of Chowringhee, contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to water-fowls and alligators, covered the site of the present Citadel, and the Course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gayest equipages of Calcutta. For the ground on which the settlement stood, the English, like other great landholders, paid rent to the government; and they were, like other great landholders, permitted to exercise a certain jurisdiction within their domain.

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because nobody ever dared to reason with him; and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good-will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers, sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake—when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offence punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and, when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without a special permission from the Nabob. A rich native whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. He abused the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards; and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice—the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls, and the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction—not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer—approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was, that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if any body awoke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies—raved, prayed, blasphemed—implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers in the mean time held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gasps and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses, on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

But these things, which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that any thing could be extorted, were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince, at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the mean time, sent his letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade any Englishman to dwell in the neighbourhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence, it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry—fine troops and full of spirit—and fifteen hundred sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a Prince who had more subjects and larger revenues than the King of Prussia, or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

The Nabob was revelling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries, that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe; and it had never occurred to him as possible that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains, than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched towards Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigour. He took Badgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war; and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited.—A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs; and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts, and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament.—The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful; and Clive consented to treat—though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

With this negotiation commences a new chapter in the life of Clive. Hitherto, he had been merely a soldier, carrying into effect, with eminent ability and valour, the plans of others. Henceforth he is to be chiefly regarded as a statesman; and his military movements are to be considered as subordinate to his political designs. That in his new capacity he displayed great talents, and obtained great success is undeniable. But it is also undeniable, that the transactions in which he now began to take a part, have left a stain on his moral character.—[*To be Continued.*]

TRAVELS IN KOORDISTAN, MESOPOTAMIA, &c.

By J. Baillie Fraser, Esq. 2. vols. Bentley.

Mr. Fraser is one of those pleasant travelling companions, with whom we are always content to join company. We cannot, however, but fear that the publication of the work before us has been delayed until it has lost the little it once possessed of political and public interest. Since Mr. Fraser was in Persia and Koordistan (1835), the political relations of the country have greatly, if not wholly changed, and many of the personages who figure conspicuously in his pages are dead and almost forgotten. However, the personal narrative of his adventures is none the less pleasant, and the country passed through, and the people visited, have not materially changed; and as we shall concern ourselves principally with the latter, the time of publication is to us of little consequence. It may be well, perhaps, at starting, to indicate the route pursued, which was from Tabreez, by the northern shore of Lake Shahee, to Ooroomia; thence, crossing the mountains, Mr. Fraser entered the country of the Koords, and proceeded southwards to Suleimaniah, and on to Baghdad; and as we purpose to halt there, as Mr. Fraser did, for a time, we need not at present enter on the return route.

Tabreez itself has been often described, and it will be sufficient therefore to observe, that it is perhaps the most flourishing city in Persia,—the great commercial mart of the country, where the caravans meet from Teflis and Resht, from Erzeroom, Trebizond, and overland from Constantinople, or from India and Arabia, traversing Persia itself to this remote corner. The city is nothing better, and the suburbs nothing worse, than other Persian cities, but the climate is delightful, and the country beautiful. "Were I," says Mr. Fraser, "to select a spot the best calculated for the recovery of health, or for its preservation, I know not that I could hit upon any more suited to the purpose than Tabreez at this season, or, indeed, at any season, so far as I am aware. A brighter sky and purer air than those which the inhabitants of this town and its environs breathe and live under, can scarcely be found. To me it seems as if there truly was 'health in the breeze' that blows around me."

From Tabreez Mr. Fraser proceeded to the north of the Lake, and through the plains of Selmas to Ooroomia. The former part of this route was described heretofore in his Travels on the Southern Bank of the Caspian. On approaching Ooroomia,—

"Nowhere," says Mr. Frazer, "certainly not in the East at least, do I remember passing through a richer country. All around us, in whatever direction we cast our eyes, they fell on sheets of varied cultivation, cotton, rice, millet, castor-oil plant, vineyards, orchards, and great fields, from whence already the heavy crops of wheat and barley had been reaped, prettily divided, and fringed here and there with coppice or rows of trees, willow, poplar, sinjeed (*jujube,*) and others. Numbers of large villages, each encircled with its own gardens, lay thickly scattered about, and the state of those we passed through was conclusive as to the wealth and comfort of their inhabitants. Thus, for at least twenty miles, did we ride through a perfectly rich and cultivated country to the very walls of the city, which were concealed by trees and gardens. * * Of the city and its environs, I must say a few words. It has an aspect of more comfort and solidity than any other I remember in Persia. The gardens, which embrace it to the very walls, unite their foliage with that of many trees within them to produce a rich and verdant aspect; for every house of consideration has its gardens, with rows of chenars and poplars towering above the inclosure. The streets are wider than in most other towns, and have generally a stream of water running in the midst, so that each house may enjoy at will this necessary of life. Few ruins are visible; for, where any exist, they are generally concealed by the wall, which incloses each tenement, like a fort. This mode of rendering each house—that is, those belonging to the great—a sort of stronghold, is remarkable, and very characteristic of the state of society which used to subsist in Ooroomia. Situated on the borders of Koordistan, and in the midst of a 'land debateable, frequented by the fierce tribes and clans of that wild country, most commonly at blood-feud with one another, it became a matter of necessity for each chief to have at least a place of refuge in case of attack from his enemies. * * Bordering as Ooroomia does upon Armenia, it reckons among its population a great many Armenians; and as Assyria, which may be said to be coterminous on the other side, is the chief abode of the Nestorian or Syrian Christians, usually called *Nasseranees* (Nazerenes,) the whole country affords a most interesting field for exploration, not only of antiquities, but of much that regards the history of the Syrian Church; for there is little doubt that, in the rude receptacles of the Nestorian and Syrian monasteries, in these wild mountains, are to be found, could we but come at them, many ancient, and probably valuable manuscripts, in the Syrian and Chaldean tongues, connected with the early times of our religion, and many monuments and inscriptions on stone, which, if deciphered, might lead to very interesting historical, if not theological, discoveries. The misfortune is, that the whole of this country is in the hands of barbarians, so rude and suspicious, that any search after such literary treasures becomes next to impracticable; for, whenever inquiries regarding them are made, the universal opinion of the people is, that the object is not to discover literary or religious wealth, but hidden treasures of gold and silver—the only ones they recognize as valuable: indeed, to impress them with the belief that either manuscripts or inscriptions can be prized for any other purpose than that of using them for such discoveries would be impossible."

Mr. Fraser, as in his former work, gives us a sort of hearsay account of the Nestorian Christians dwelling in the mountains of Jewar, and many interesting particulars of the rise and fortunes of Mehemet Pasha, the Meer of Rewandooz, who was long since overthrown, and is now dead,—a full stop to all speculation on, or interest in, the possible consequences of a policy and a power which for a time excited some attention. From Ooroomia Mr. Fraser crossed the mountains, and entered on the true country of the Koords,—a people, as he tells us, and he is good authority, strongly resembling the old Scotch Highlanders; like them, divided into clans, acknowledging the supremacy of chiefs, who are regarded with devotion, and followed with blind zeal; a people bold, active, and not without natural shrewdness, but proud and overbearing in proportion as they are ignorant, and despising all arts and professions but that of arms.

"They have their feuds with their neighbours, and make *raids* on the poor industrious lowlander; and woe betides him who should attempt to 'ascend the pass of Ballybrugh,' or enter the 'country' of any Koordish 'Donald Bean Lean,' without guide and safe conduct."

The plague and the Kajars have made sad havoc at Ooshnoo, the Koord town we have now arrived at, which, however, is still said to contain 3,000 families, and the valley in which it is situated 12,000.

"I remarked," said Mr. Fraser, "that buffaloes are a good deal employed on this side of Lake Shahee; and here they appear to supersede the use of all other animals for purposes of agriculture. They plough, they drag carts, they carry loads, they give milk, they are killed and eaten; and, I must say, that where water is not scarce, they appear to me the most useful domestic animal possible. They are far stronger than bullocks, and not less docile, and they carry full as great a load as a good camel, while their keep is not more expensive than, and their milk is nearly if not quite as good as, that of the cow. It is true that they cannot do without water, and that, like the water-spaniel, whenever they come to a pool they are apt to lie down in it, to the great detriment of loads and discomfort of drivers or riders. The other day I saw a pair of them coming along, ridden each by a Koord; a pool of black mud lay in their path, and down they both lay, as if by mutual consent, nearly smothering their two gay riders before they could disengage themselves."

Under pretence of fishing in the river, which runs through the Ooshnoo valley, Mr. Fraser got a glimpse of the country, and of the manners and habits of the Koords,—and the Koords of the manners and customs, quite as strange to them, of the Ferengees. There was, indeed, more fun than sport at these fishing parties. The Koords had not patience to wait while the fish were quietly lured to the bait:—

"The Khan's son, so soon as he saw a shoal of them darting about in the still water, spurred his horse at them, spear in hand, as he would have done at a Bilbas or a Kuzzilbash, if his foe, shouting out 'Ah-ah! ah-ah! look at them! look at them!' and chasing them hither and thither as if he could have caught them by speed of foot. Then all the party dashed into the water girth-deep, splashing, and poking, and shouting out to me to look at the fish—to come here or there—here was the place to catch them—here were the large ones. It was in vain to attempt explaining that all my art lay in quietly enticing the fish to feed—that success depended entirely on perfect stillness, and keeping out of sight of the water. There they would all stand or ride along the banks, or sit upon them, striking with their spears at the fish as they darted by, till a hand-net that had been sent for was brought, when I gladly put up my rod and tackle and looked on, laughing at the childish delight with which the *Khanzadeh* (Khan's son) saw each fish that was entangled in the net taken out of the water. Nor was his delight less on the second day, when, the net having failed of success, I found a pool in which they could not ride, and succeeded in hooking and landing several tolerable fish. At length the rod broke, and there was an end of the fishing, but not of the sport; for we next rode across the country after quails and ducks—anything that afforded an object, or excuse, for a chase, now and then putting up a grand bustard by way of variety; and I was made acquainted with a curious enough way they have of catching quails, and which I do not remember to have seen described. A man, choosing a place where they abound, spreads a net upon the grass or stubble, in such a manner that the birds can run *into* but not *through* it; and then, taking his cloak, he spreads it above his head by means of two sticks, in such a fashion as to double in appearance his natural size and stature. Thus disguised, he goes poking along until he sees a quail upon the ground, when, bending forward, he drives it before him, and the spectre-like hood he carries, overshadowing the creature, so terrifies it, that it does not dare to take wing, but keeps running forward; a movement of the hood to one side or other serves to direct the course of the unfortunate bird, which soon runs right under the net, and is caught. In this odd manner a great many quails are taken, and one may see dozens of men with their cloaks stuck over their heads, in the manner I have described, employed on a fine evening in the fields at this pastime."

On another occasion, Mr. Fraser tells us that—"In seeking after a choice bit of stream, which I had remarked curling under some willow bushes, I came plump upon a fine bevy of Koordish damsels, who had retired thither to 'lave their beauteous limbs,' and who were at that moment clothed much in the original dress of mother Eve. I had observed the men avoiding the spot, and one of them made signs to me to do the same, but I understood him not, and thus fell plump into the scrape, and almost into the pool; for I must say that the discomfiture of the fair ones was scarcely equal to my own. There was a little squalling and huddling together, and one or two plumped into the water, while others tried to shuffle on a pair of inexpressibles, or get hold of some convenient garment; but there was more laughing than anything else, and they all took a good glance at the intruder, who, on his part, in order to avoid the fate of Acteon, or anything resembling it, took himself off as fast as he could. As for the men they appeared by far more amused than displeased at the accident."

Mr. Fraser now proceeded on his journey and soon after observes:—

"Another feature in the landscape, which peculiarly attracted my attention, was the number of ancient burying-grounds which occurred in the course of our march, far from any habitation of man, but pointing out, doubtless, the sites of villages whose people had long since ceased to be. We had remarked them, indeed, ever since quitting Ooroomia; but here these monuments of forgotten generations are far more strikingly distinguished by the groves of oak trees with which they are surrounded, and often closely covered. The Koords, fierce and rude as they are, appear to have paid a singular and affecting attention to these receptacles of the dust of their kindred; even the situation appears to have been the object of careful selection; for they are generally pleasantly placed on little heights or knolls, overlooking the fields and plains in which the deceased may have delighted; as if the spirits could be soothed with the objects thus loved while animating their fleshy tabernacles. These groves are still evidently the objects of regard if not of veneration, for you never see them touched. I observed a party of men engaged in one of these cemeteries in digging a grave—it was that of a child which had died in a neighbouring village; this, they said, was the place where its fathers had been interred, and it was meet that its little dust should moulder with theirs. I remarked, too, in these burying-grounds, vestiges of peculiar care. Graves surrounded by little walls of stone, as if they were the property of some particular family, or perhaps the tomb of some elder of high estimation and sanctity. Some were grey and moss-grown, and told of a long lapse of years; but in other cases, heaps of thorns and brushwood piled in the enclosure, denoted the care of the living to guard the reliques of their lately deceased relatives from the attacks of wolves, hyenas, or jackals, the only resurrectionists known in these parts."

On crossing the mountains which border the plain of Suleimaniah, Mr. Fraser speaks of the violent storms which not unfrequently rage there, and are fatal to men and cattle every season:

"Last year, I think it was, nearly two hundred serbaz, who were proceeding from the village of Nistan by Soonas, together with upwards of two hundred yaboos and asses, were lost in one day. The sun shone clear in the heavens, and the weather below was fine, so that the men were tempted to proceed on their way. But in these lofty hills the wind often blows hard while a calm reigns below, and it seems a gale was blowing in the pass, which raised the dry snow in clouds; this was observed from several points below, but no one knew of the unhappy caravan, and even had the truth been known, what mortal aid could have availed? The whole were buried by the snow-clouds, and frozen to death by force of the wind alone. I was told that nearly a thousand living creatures, men and cattle, had perished that season at Seradusht. Nay, so severe is the winter there, that the Khan's steward told me he had frequently been storm-stayed in the Khan's house, so that he could not get to his own for days; and that communication between the villagers was frequently cut of, so that all general intercourse ceased for months."

The whole route through these valleys is marked by deserted villages; and the fine plain of Suleimaniah is half depopulated and ruined by the exactions of the government. The town itself is no better:—

"I never beheld a more miserable collection of hovels and ruins. We rode through masses of rubbish, up to what had been the Pashah's house, or *palace*, if you will. It was in utter ruin, uninhabitable, except one small corner, where his harem was bestowed. He himself occupied a tent outside the town. I had sent a man forward to secure us lodgings; after a while he found us picking our way among the rubbish and broken walls, seeking for some one who might tell us where *any body* might be. He led us to the place appointed for us, (a perfect wreck,) through a labyrinth of mud-heaps, that had been houses. Our lodging had been the residence of some great man, a relative of the Pashah, who, at this time, was absent at Tabreez. It was well for him; for here, at least, he could not have lived. We had it all, such as it was, to ourselves and our cattle. It was one great mass of mud; a dozen open spaces that had once been chambers, surrounding a large rambling hall, with a square hole in the middle, intended for a cistern. Here was our stable; I occupied a corner of one of the outer spaces, open to all winds, but fortunately none blew strongly. The Pashah sent a thousand civil messages, and a good dinner from his own table, and so closed evening the first at Suleimaniah. Assuredly the impression created by these two last marches has been anything but cheering; there never was a sweeter country more withered by the hand of the spoiler. That it had once been, the site of many a happy home was obvious, from the roofless houses of numerous villages, pleasantly seated in sheltered nooks, shaded by noble walnut and mulberry trees, with sweet little murmuring streamlets, and surrounded by vineyards, run wild. It was painful to see that all was silent and desolate, and more to see that it was from no natural decay; it was like gazing on the face of the dead, who have been wasted by suffering and disease. * * To all my inquiries as to how this universal depopulation arose, the same answer was always returned:—'The plague came three years ago and swept the country, and it was followed by the Persian army, which has consumed what the plague had left, and has ravaged every village on the road, so that none now remain.'"

On a former occasion, the Khan's chamberlain remarked to Mr. Fraser—

"That the Azerbijan government would depopulate the country altogether, if they continued to exact from it as much as they do at present. 'What do you think?' said he; 'they take from five to six thousand tomans a year from these ruins you see here, and there are not one hundred families in the village; besides, we are just on the highway, and we pay almost half as much in *soorsaut*, besides what the serbaz rob and plunder from our villages! and all this from a miserable set of Koords, who, at best, have scarcely enough to eat, and the greater part of whom the plague carried off three years ago!'"

Mr. Fraser was naturally anxious to visit the ruins at Sheherazoor, but the Pashah would not permit him; the risk, he said, was too great; and Mr. Fraser, who travelled with letters of introduction from the authorities at Tabreez, was under his protection, and he was responsible for his safety. Travellers, indeed, under these circumstances, are considered as public and not private guests,—a distinction which has its advantages, but is not without its inconveniences.

"It is not over pleasant to find oneself thrust *nolens volens* into the house or on the charges of a stranger, whatever be his means or character. It is a violence done both to one's independence and feelings of delicacy. A traveller unacquainted with the custom, shrinks from placing himself thus under an actual pecuniary obligation to one on whom he has no claim, and to whom he conceives he can make no fitting return; and this feeling is often aggravated by the unpleasant conviction that he really is a burthen, that his host can ill bear the expense—and by the most indelicate discussions which arise between that host

and his own servants, as to the mode of entertainment and amount of provision required for their master and themselves. * * In the present case, I was the Pashah of Suleimaniah's guest. Etiquette required that I should continue so while within his territories; but as this would have been more onerous than agreeable, his villages were made to bear the expense; or even if that were charged to his Highness by his servants, the poor villagers would be none the better, as these servants would themselves, in that case, pocket the amount allowed by their master in account with his Ryots. Last night, after all that could be done by Ul-Kider Aga, the villagers would not produce grain enough for my horses, so I told my own servants to purchase it. Whether they did so or not I know not, but the money for it was paid by me. This evening there went through the village an absolute wail and lamentation—all the poor wives of the five or six families it contained were deprived of their little hoards of grain; and one of them came to my lair, roaring and crying to reclaim a fowl, her own *chucky*, which had been forcibly abstracted to enter into the composition of my pillaw, and just saved it as the knife was at its throat. A few pence procured another, but the mehmander stepped in; his honour was at stake to see me fed free from all cost, save what he himself might expect. So he forced the money from the unlucky owner of the old cock, and returned it to me. I made several attempts to settle all difficulties by purchase of what was required; but, though money was secretly offered, the people were too much afraid of the mehmander to take it. At length, when all that could be squeezed out had been extracted, the only mode I had to avert the curses of the pillaged community, was to send a servant secretly and at night, to the houses of the sufferers, and to pay them for what had been taken, and a little more. This was trusting to the honesty of my own men—a frail reed no doubt; but there was no alternative."

Before we take a final leave of the Koords, we shall give a full-length portrait of one of the wild chiefs:—

"Roostum Aga came in the evening, a jolly, good-humoured, dark-looking man, with a round face and a hardy sort of 'devil may care' laugh, who received us with boisterous civility. He was one of that kind of savages who are wonderfully good when they are not '*countered*,' as the Scottish nurse said of her spoiled child—all smiles when he had his own way; but the sudden drawing up, and the cloud on his face the moment he was contradicted, seemed intended to hint, 'I can be a devil if I please, and a tyrant when I will.' We were a little reserved at first; but as I make it a point on all occasions to conciliate as much as I can, we soon came to an understanding, and fell into a familiar chat; but he commenced after a curious fashion. Almost as soon as compliments were over, he called to my servant, who was standing in the room, and asked, 'What is your name?—where are you from?—how long have you been with the Saheb? Do you receive wages, or did any one send you with him?—are you pleased with his service?' and, after receiving replies to all these important queries, he added, in a good-humoured but blunt way, which showed him to be unaccustomed to denial, 'What pistols has your master?—bring them to me.' I made him a sign to bring the pistols, which were instantly in the chief's hands. When he saw that the holster pistols had percussion locks, he threw them aside with contempt, saying, 'I know these things! two of your *taifeh* (tribe) came here some time ago and had such. They offered me a pair, but I would not have them: of what use would they be to me? These are what I like;' and he produced a good but much-worn pair of Mortimer's duelling-pistols. 'If you had any of this kind,' said he, 'I should have got them from you; but these of yours are *pooch* (trash.) Now, what else have you?—the things I am fond of are pistols, shawls, and coats, such as this;' and he pointed to his own cloak, which was of scarlet cloth. 'Have you any cashmere shawls? like this—see!' pointing to an old one, fringed with silver, on his head. I told him that, being travellers as we were, going post to Baghdad, it was not likely we should have such things with us, nor had I: in fact, I had nothing but my own bed and body clothes.—'What! nothing?' said he. 'See what these Ferengees I spoke of, gave me among many other things,' and he produced a good sportsman's knife of English manufacture. 'Look at it,' said he; it is of your country; but I must go to prayers—never mind me.' So he spread his carpet on the numud beside me and commenced his *numaz*; but by much the greater part of the time was passed in questions or orders to his people, and inquiries of my own servant about myself, all close to my own ear. At last he finished and turned to me. I had in the mean time taken out a clasp-knife, which I had set aside for myself, and which I now presented to him as a weapon of great use, either for peaceful or warlike purposes, and of the best manufacture of England. It was graciously received, and appeared to open his heart a little, for he became quite facetious. 'Where got you this *numud*?' demanded he, pointing to the felt carpet on which we were both then sitting. 'What did you give for it?' I told him. 'You have been cheated,' said he; 'it is a poor affair—it is not worth more than half that sum at Baghdad—capital *numuds* and carpets to be found there.' I asked him whether his tribe made carpets. 'They have begun to do so,' said he, 'and there is an excellent one here now.' I asked to see it, observing that if for sale, and that I approved of it, I should purchase it. 'No, no,' said he: 'if you like it, it is yours—I will find the money.'—'By no means, Aga,' replied I; 'that was far from my meaning—I really do wish to purchase such things.'—'Ah,' said he, laughing, 'I see; you are afraid that if I give it to you, you will have to give me something; but no, you are mistaken: I want nothing.'—'Nay, Aga, you yourself are wrong there,' said I. 'What I have to give I give with pleasure; but a traveller is seldom well provided with spare articles, and it is contrary to my custom and wishes to receive valuable presents without return.' A good deal in the same strain passed between us, from which I gathered clearly enough that the Beg was fishing. He alluded several times to the handsome presents he had received from other travellers, and took occasion to mention the articles which would be most acceptable; and as I was desirous to make as many friends as I could for the benefit of future passers by, at a moderate expense, I took the opportunity of his abusing a blunt pair of Persian scissors with which he was in vain attempting to cut a piece of paper, to present him an excellent pair of English ones. This increased the satisfaction he seemed to receive from my previous gift of the knife, and drew forth a long eulogium upon the English and their excellent commodities; but I heard no more of the carpet. The next subject he attacked me about was eating the flesh of swine. 'I saw,' said he, 'a whole herd of them as I returned just now; but the sun was low, otherwise I should have killed one or two.'—'Why should you have done so?' asked I; 'you do not eat them, do you?' *Astafferullah!*—God forbid!' exclaimed he; 'they are *nejes* (unclean).'—'True,' replied I; 'but you eat hares, don't you?'—'By all means,' replied he; 'and capital things they are for a stew.'—'And foxes too?' said I, interrogatively. 'No, no,' replied he; 'it is only a few poor devils who eat them.' 'Well; but both *are* eaten here,' insisted I, 'and both are forbidden by your law.' The Beg could not deny either point. 'Well, now,' said I, 'we won't talk about the lawfulness of the thing; they are all alike forbidden meats, and there's an end of it. But let us come to the reason of the thing. What do wild hogs live on, Aga?'—'Why, on grass, acorns, and roots,' replied he.—'Good; there is nothing unclean or disgusting in that.'—'No; by no means.'—'Well; what do foxes feed upon, and herons, and the other large waterfowl you eat?'—'Why, the foxes eat birds and small beasts, and the others eat fish and worms.'—'Well, then,' said I, 'which is the cleanest animal?'—'He says the truth,' observed the Beg, turning to some of those about him. 'Wullah! if I had known you were coming here, I should certainly have killed one of these wild hogs and brought it to you.' 'No, no, Aga,' said I, 'that would never do. When I am with Mussulmauns, I neither eat hogs nor drink wine. Why should I do what would be disagreeable to my hosts!' 'Not at all, not at all,' said he, somewhat hastily; 'your own people should have cooked it; and as for wine, will you have any? I can give you both wine and brandy.' I excused myself from either, a good deal to the honest Beg's disappointment, I suspect, though he swore that he had given up drinking entirely—he had made the *towah*, or vow of repentance and renunciation for the sin; but the joke about the hog's flesh was kept up all the night. When the pillaw came in, my portion was, as usual, in a separate dish, and he swore he had ordered his cook to put pork in it for me, and that pork it was; and afterwards, when we drank tea out of my cups, he affected to wash the one he used before drinking out of it. 'Ah!' said I, in reply, 'this is all very fine, Aga, in my presence; but I have strong doubts upon the subject. I would not be a piece of one of these same fine fat hogs you saw to-day, and in your way, just arriving at your munzil after a long march.'—'No, no; by your head,' replied he, laughing. 'I assure you we don't eat such things.'—'Well, you say so; but if *you* do not, Aga, many do. There now, that fierce-looking old fellow opposite me, pointing to a most truculent-looking, white bearded, old Koord; 'I would take my oath that there are three things he is a capital hand at—fighting, drinking wine, and eating pork.' 'He! the old fool,' said the Beg, laughing still more heartily, 'he fight! I don't believe he has a bit of liver at all—if he has, it has not a drop of red blood in it: he would not fight a child. Do you know that I cannot depend upon that old Resoul Aga even to obey orders; when I tell him to push his horse one way, he always spurs him another, and that is always *away* from the enemy: is it not, Resoul? For the wine, he only drinks it whenever he can get it; and as for the pork, *Wullah Billah!* I believe he would eat its father;' and so he went on all in excellent humour. * * Roostum Aga, with all his roughness and predatory habits, has a plentiful share of superstitions, if not of religious scruples—a very common case with rogues and plunderers. He asked me anxiously whether the buffalo-horn handle of the clasp knife I had given him were not *negis*, or unclean? if he might say his prayers with it on his person? Perhaps you do not know that all Mahomedans, when they say their prayers, *ought* to lay aside every weapon of war, and every article of gold or silver, and even of silk, from their attire, as being contrary to the humble tone of mind in which addresses to the Deity should be uttered. * * Assuredly the day of repentance, in the matter of bloodshed and plunder, does not appear as yet to have come to Roostum Beg. He dwelt upon the many frays he had been in, and the plunder he had taken, with a zest and eagerness which showed how strong the devil was yet in him. He told me he had been wounded at least a dozen times, in spite of the best of armour. 'I have armour of every sort,' said he, 'and I used to wear it always; but I have learned to put very little trust in it—my trust is in Heaven!' said he, with as firm and satisfied a tone as if his cause was the most righteous upon earth. He joined with others in lamenting the evil days on which the present race of Koords had fallen. 'The golden times of Koordistan are gone,' he said; 'ride over the country, and what brilliance, what spirit will you find? all the good horsemen and stout soldiers are dead, or have fled the land, or have taken to the plough perforce, to make as much money as will pay the Pashah and feed their wives and children; and what is a soldier good for when once he has touched a plough?' I agreed with him in thinking that the country had lost all appearance of prosperity, and the people all spirit and brilliancy: but it did not appear that all had taken to peaceful occupations; the dangers of the road sufficiently proved that. 'Ah!' said he, 'that is all a trifle; a few *looties* here and there,—no gallant bands of horsemen now; but rest contented, I, Roostum Beg, am pledge for your safety; nothing shall touch you between this and Kufri—you are a good fellow—an excellent fellow—I like you—by your head I do!—you are not like some of your countrymen I have seen, who could do nothing but eat and sleep; your eyes are open and you have sense: be satisfied, to-morrow you shall see Kufri in safety."

Mr. Fraser now entered the ancient Assyria—the country of "the mighty hunter," of Semiramis and Sardanapalus, of Babylon and Nineveh, the capital of the Caliphs, and the residence of Haroon al Raschid—but here we must pause.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

BY BOZ.

MASTER HUMPHREY, FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

The reader must not expect to know where I live. At present, it is true, my abode may be a question of little or no import to anybody, but if I should carry my readers with me, as I hope to do, and there should spring up between them and me, feelings of homely affection and regard attaching something of interest to matters ever so slightly connected with my fortunes or my speculations, even my place of residence might one day have a kind of charm for them. Bearing this possible contingency in mind, I wish them to understand in the outset, that they must never expect to know it.

I am not a churlish old man. Friendless I can never be, for all mankind are of my kindred, and I am on ill terms with no one member of my great family. But for many years I have led a lonely, solitary life;—what wound I sought to heal, what sorrow to forget, originally, matters not now; it is sufficient that retirement has become a habit with me, and that I am unwilling to break the spell which for so long a time has shed its quiet influence upon my home and heart.

I live in a venerable suburb of London, in an old house, which in bygone days was a famous resort for merry roysterers and peerless ladies, long since departed. It is a silent shady place, with a paved court-yard so full of echoes, that sometimes I am tempted to believe that faint responses to the noises of old times linger there yet, and that these ghosts of sound haunt my footsteps as I pace it up and down. I am the more confirmed in this belief, because of late years, the echoes that attend my walks have been less loud and marked than they were wont to be; and it is pleasanter to imagine in them the rustling of silk brocade, and the light step of some lovely girl, than to recognise in their altered note the failing tread of an old man.

Those who like to read of brilliant rooms and gorgeous furniture, would derive but little pleasure from a minute description of my simple dwelling. It is dear to me for the same reason that they would hold it in slight regard. Its worm-eaten doors, and low ceilings crossed by clumsy beams; its walls of wainscot, dark stairs, and gaping closets; its small chambers, communicating with each other by winding passages or narrow steps; its many nooks, scarce larger than its corner-cupboards; its very dust and dullness, all are dear to me. The moth and spider are my constant tenants, for in my house the one basks in his long sleep, and the other plies his busy loom secure and undisturbed. I have a pleasure in thinking on a summer's day, how many butterflies have sprung for the first time into light and sunshine from some dark corner of these old walls.

When I first came to live here, which was many years ago, the neighbours were curious to know who I was, and whence I came, and why I lived so much alone. As time went on, and they still remained unsatisfied on these points, I became the centre of a popular ferment, extending for half a mile round, and in one direction for a full mile. Various rumours were circulated to my prejudice. I was a spy, an infidel, a conjuror, a kidnapper of children, a refugee, a priest, a monster. Mothers caught up their infants and ran into their houses as I passed; men eyed me spitefully, and muttered threats and curses. I was the object of suspicion and distrust: ay, of downright hatred, too.

But when in course of time they found I did no harm, but, on the contrary, inclined towards them despite their unjust usage, they began to relent. I found my footsteps no longer dogged, as they had often been before, and observed that the women and children no longer retreated, but would stand and gaze at me as I passed their doors. I took this for a good omen, and waited patiently for better times. By degrees I began to make friends among these humble folks, and though they were yet shy of speaking, would give them "good day," and so pass on. In a little time, those whom I had thus accosted, would make a point of coming to their doors and windows at the usual hour, and nod or curtesey to me; children, too, came timidly within my reach, and ran away quite scared when I patted their heads and bade them to be good at school. These little people soon grew more familiar. From exchanging mere words of course with my older neighbours, I gradually became their friend and adviser, the depository of their cares and sorrows, and sometimes, it may be, the reliever, in my small way, of their distresses. And now I never walk abroad, but pleasant recognitions and smiling faces wait on Master Humphrey.

It was a whim of mine, perhaps as a whet to the curiosity of my neighbours, and a kind of retaliation upon them for their suspicions,—it was, I say, a whim of mine, when I first took up my abode in this place, to acknowledge no other name than Humphrey. With my detractors, I was Ugly Humphrey.—When I began to convert them into friends, I was Mr. Humphrey, and old Mr. Humphrey. At length I settled down into plain Master Humphrey, which was understood to be the title most pleasant to my ear; and so completely a matter of course has it become, that sometimes when I am taking my morning walk in my little court-yard, I overhear my barber—who has a profound respect for me, and would not, I am sure, abridge my honours for the world—holding forth on the other side of the wall, touching the state of "Master Humphrey's" health, and communicating to some friend the substance of the conversation that he and Master Humphrey have had together in the course of the shaving which he has just concluded.

That I may not make acquaintance with my readers under false pretences, or give them cause to complain hereafter that I have withheld any matter which it was essential for them to have learnt at first, I wish them to know—and I smile sorrowfully to think that the time has been when the confession would have given me pain—that I am a mis-shapen, deformed old man.

I have never been made a misanthrope by this cause. I have never been stung by any insult, nor wounded by any jest upon my crooked figure. As a child I was melancholy and timid, but that was because the gentle consideration paid to my misfortunes sunk deep into my spirit and made me sad, even in those early days. I was but a very young creature when my poor mother died, and yet I remember that often when I hung around her neck, and oftener still when I played about the room before her, she would catch me to her bosom, and bursting into tears, soothe me with every term of fondness and affection. God knows I was a happy child at those times—happy to nestle in her breast—happy to weep when she did—happy in not knowing why.

These occasions are so strongly impressed upon my memory, that they seem to have occupied whole years. I had numbered very few when they ceased for ever, but before then their meaning had been revealed to me.

I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget; I have some dim thought it was my birth-day, but the beginning of my recollection is that we were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather—I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for her poor crippled boy.

I used frequently to dream of it afterwards, and now my heart aches for that child as if I had never been he, when I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again.

Well, well—all these sorrows are past. My glancing at them may not be without its use, for it may help in some measure to explain why I have all my life been attached to the inanimate objects that people my chamber, and how I have come to look upon them rather in the light of old and constant friends, than as mere chairs and tables which a little money could replace at will.

Chief and first among all these is my Clock—my old cheerful companionable Clock. How can I ever convey to others an idea of the comfort and consolation that this old clock has been for years to me!

It is associated with my earliest recollections. It stood upon the staircase at home (I call it home still, mechanically) nigh sixty years ago. I like it for that, but it is not on that account, nor because it is a quaint old thing in a huge oaken case curiously and richly carved, that I prize it as I do. I incline to it as if it were alive, and could understand and give me back the love I bear it.

And what other thing that has not life could cheer me as it does; what other thing that has not life (I will not say how few things that have) could have proved the same patient, true, untiring friend! How often have I sat in the long winter evenings feeling such society in its cricket-voice, that raising my eyes from my book and looking gratefully towards it, the face reddened by the glow of the shining fire has seemed to relax from its staid expression and to regard me kindly; how often in the summer twilight, when my thoughts have wandered back to a melancholy past, have its regular whisperings recalled them to the calm and peaceful present; how often in the dread tranquillity of night has its bell broken the oppressive silence, and seemed to give me assurance that the old clock was still a faithful watcher at my chamber door! My easy-chair, my desk, my ancient furniture, my very books, I can scarcely bring myself to love even these last, like my old clock!

It stands in a snug corner, midway between the fireside and a low arched door leading to my bed-room. Its fame is diffused so extensively throughout the neighbourhood, that I have often the satisfaction of hearing the publican or the baker, and sometimes even the parish-clerk, petitioning my housekeeper (of whom I shall have much to say bye and bye,) to inform him the exact time by Master Humphrey's Clock. My barber, to whom I have already referred, would sooner believe it than the sun. Nor are these its only distinctions. It has acquired, I am happy to say, another, inseparably connecting it not only with my enjoyments and reflections, but with those of other men; as I shall now relate.

I lived alone here for a long time without any friend or acquaintance. In the course of my wanderings by night and day, at all hours and seasons, in city streets and quiet country parts, I came to be familiar with certain faces, and to take it to heart as quite a heavy disappointment if they failed to present themselves each at its accustomed spot. But these were the only friends I knew, and beyond them I had none.

It happened, however, when I had gone on thus for a long time, that I formed an acquaintance with a deaf gentleman, which ripened into intimacy and close companionship. To this hour I am ignorant of his name. It is his humour to conceal it, or he has a reason and a purpose for so doing. In either case I feel that he has a right to require a return of the trust he has reposed, and as he has never sought to discover my secret, I have never sought to penetrate his. There may have been something in this tacit confidence in each other, flattering and pleasant to us both, and it may have imparted in the beginning an additional zest, perhaps, to our friendship. Be this as it may, we have grown to be like brothers, and still I only know him as the deaf gentleman.

I have said that retirement has become a habit with me. When I add that the deaf gentleman and I have two friends, I communicate nothing which is inconsistent with that declaration. I spend many hours of every day in solitude and study, have no friends or change of friends but these, only see them at stated periods, and am supposed to be of a retired spirit by the very nature and object of our association.

We are men of secluded habits with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes, whose enthusiasm nevertheless has not cooled with age, whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched, who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than even waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy Truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good in the commonest and least regarded matter that passes through our crucible. Spirits of past times, creatures of imagination, and people of to-day, are alike the objects of our seeking, and, unlike the objects of search with most philosophers, we can ensure their coming at our command.

The deaf gentleman and I first began to beguile our days with these fancies, and our nights in communicating them to each other. We are now four. But in my room there are six old chairs, and we have decided that the two empty seats shall always be placed at our table when we meet, to remind us that we may yet increase our company by that number, if we should find two men to our mind. When one among us dies, his chair will always be set in its usual place, but never occupied again; and I have caused my will to be so drawn out that when we are all dead, the house shall be shut up, and the vacant chairs still left in their accustomed places. It is pleasant to think that even then, our shades may, perhaps, assemble together as of yore we did, and join in ghostly converse.

One night in every week, as the clock strikes ten, we meet. At the second stroke of two, I am alone.

And now shall I tell how that my old servant, besides giving us note of time, and ticking cheerful encouragement of our proceedings, lends its name to our society, which for its punctuality and my love, is christened "Master Humphrey's Clock!" Now shall I tell, how that in the bottom of the old dark closet where the steady pendulum throbs and beats with healthy action, though the pulse of him who made it stood still long ago and never moved again, there are piles of dusty papers constantly placed there by our hands, that we may link our enjoyments with my old friend, and draw means to beguile time from the heart of time itself? Shall I, or can I, tell with what a secret pride I open this repository when we meet at night, and still find new store of pleasure in my dear old Clock!

Friend and companion of my solitude! mine is not a selfish love; I would not keep your merits to myself, but disperse something of pleasant association with your image through the whole wide world; I would have men couple with your name cheerful and healthy thoughts: I would have them believe that you keep true and honest time; and how would it gladden me to know that they recognised some hearty English work in Master Humphrey's Clock!

THE CLOCK-CASE.

It is my intention constantly to address my readers from the chimney-corner, and I would fain hope that such accounts as I shall give them of our histories and proceedings, our quiet speculations or more busy adventures, will never be unwelcome. Lest, however, I should grow prolix in the outset by lingering too long upon our little association, confounding the enthusiasm with which I regard this chief happiness of my life with that minor degree of interest which those to whom I address myself may be supposed to feel for it, I have deemed it expedient to break off as they have seen.

But still clinging to my old friend and naturally desirous that all its merits should be known, I am tempted to open (somewhat irregularly and against our laws, I must admit) the clock-case. The first roll of paper on which I lay my hand is in the writing of the deaf gentleman. I shall have to speak of him in my next paper, and how can I better approach that welcome task than by prefacing it with a production of his own pen, consigned to the safe keeping of my honest clock by his own hands!

The manuscript runs thus:—

INTRODUCTION TO THE GIANT CHRONICLES.

Once upon a time, that is to say, in this our time,—the exact year, month, and day, are of no matter,—there dwelt in the city of London a substantial citizen, who united in his single person the dignities of wholesale fruiterer, alderman, common-council-man, and member of the worshipful company of Patten-makers: who had superadded to these extraordinary distinctions the important post and title of Sheriff, and who at length, and to crown all, stood next in rotation for the high and honourable office of Lord Mayor.

He was a very substantial citizen indeed. His face was like the full moon in a fog, with two little holes punched out for his eyes, a very ripe pear stuck on for his nose, and a wide gash to serve for a mouth. The girth of his waistcoat was hung up and lettered in his tailor's shop as an extraordinary curiosity. He breathed like a heavy snorer, and his voice in speaking came thickly forth, as if it were oppressed and stifled by feather-beds. He trod the ground like an elephant, and eat and drank like—like nothing but an alderman, as he was.

This worthy citizen had risen to his great eminence from small beginnings. He had once been a very lean, weazen little boy, never dreaming of carrying such a weight of flesh upon his bones or of money in his pockets, and glad enough to take his dinner at a baker's door, and his tea at a pump. But he had long ago forgotten all this, as it was proper that a wholesale fruiterer, alderman, common-councilman, member of the worshipful company of Patten-makers, past sheriff, and above all, a Lord Mayor that was to be, should; and he never forgot it more completely in all his life than on the eighth of November, in the year of his election to the great golden civic chair, which was the day before his grand-dinner at the Guildhall.

It happened that as he sat that evening all alone in his counting-house, looking over the bill of fare for next day, and checking off the fat capons in fifties and the turtle-soup by the hundred quarts for his private amusement,—it happened that as he sat alone occupied in these pleasant calculations, a strange man came in and asked him how he did: adding, "If I am half as much changed as you, sir, you have no recollection of me, I am sure."

The strange man was not over and above well dressed, and was very far from being fat or rich-looking in any sense of the word, yet he spoke with a kind of modest confidence, and assumed an easy, gentlemanly sort of air, to which nobody but a rich man can lawfully presume. Besides this, he interrupted the good citizen just as he had reckoned three hundred and seventy-two fat capons and was carrying them over to the next column; and as if that were not aggravation

whether marriage be, or be not, succeeded by progeny. But it is of *vital* importance, not only to the British Empire, but to the civilized world, that the crown of England should never want an undisputed heir; for the welfare of that Empire affects the welfare of mankind at large. It was the energy and virtue of that Empire which alone during the last general war, preserved Europe from universal anarchy. Her sentimente of social and political rights were the bases from which sprung the great arch of civil liberty throughout the world; and her religious and moral principles form the key-stone which secure it. It is devoutly to be wished, therefore,—I trust I need ask no pardon for using Dr. Johnston's accustomed *simple* language, relative to the Titanian Grenadiers of Frederick, King of Prussia, in preference to my own, on this occasion. It is devoutly to be wished, I say, that Victoria and Albert (to use Dr. Johnson's *simple* language) may "procreate procerity, and produce heirs 'to' her grandfather's 'habiliments.'"

Mr. Barclay asked leave to give the following Toast:—"Charles Edwards, Esq., may his Presidency afford equal gratification to himself and to the Society!"

We shall give but one other introduction by the president to a standard toast. We refer to, *Our Native Land.* The chairman was anxious, if it were possible, that it should be drank in silence: although it came like a garland upon our brows. The flowers of childhood, said he, help to form it, while fond remembrance has kept them all alive. "There is a quiet magic in those words, *our native land*—our home—our boyhood's home—home of the wanderer! Who does not feel proud of the land where man keeps faith with his fellow man and virtue only gains a reward! Who does not remember the green lands where the violet still grows; the old church, with its broad shades and the moonlight glancing on the windows; the narrow stream with the willows bending to its beauty; the hawthorn hedges in their May blossoming; and the cornfield, with the shadow of the cloud, like a vision of life over the plain of eternity moving across? and who can forget old home faces, old thoughts, and the honest heart in the land! It is a subject, gentlemen, I dare not dwell upon; nor do I desire one noisy cheer to follow. It seems so hallowed, as only to require some simple melody, some home ballad to keep up the enchantment. With feelings and affection, such as our boyhood knew, gushing and not ashamed, we pledge to "Our Native Land!"

Song, "My boyhood's home," by Mr. C. Horn.

"The British Empire, on which the sun never sets," was introduced by the following splendid extract from one of Daniel Webster's speeches in Congress:

"Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared. A power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, *whose morning dream follows the sun, and keeping company with the living, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*"

Song, "Stand to your guns," by Mr. Horn.

The Toast,—"Our minister, Henry Stephen Fox, Esq., and those who represent our Government under him," called up Mr. Grattan.

Mr. President, said he

These cordial greetings, this warm reception, following up and adding value to the friendly invitation which brought me here to-day, are at once embarrassing and encouraging to me, in my attempt to meet the call you have made upon me. I confess myself quite inadequate to do justice to the toast you have proposed. However highly I esteem the distinguished talents and accomplishments of Mr. Fox, and notwithstanding the great pleasure this evening affords me, I certainly cannot help envying that gentleman his absence for this particular five minutes, for I feel totally unable, in his name and the other official servants of her Majesty in this country, to return such thanks and acknowledgements as are due to the manner in which the toast has been received, and to offer which I heartily wish Mr. Fox were here himself in person.

On my own part, Sir, I can only say I am fully sensible of the great honor you have done me, and am well aware that much of your kind eulogium is owing to the name which I bear by chance, and the weight of which has on many occasions oppressed me fully as much as it does at present. But in adverting to the high compliment you have paid to the representative of the English government, and with which you have so handsomely coupled my name, it appears to me as easy and natural as it is agreeable to recur to the main subject of the day—one to which every gentleman who has already spoken has involuntarily turned—Her Majesty the Queen, the object of so many animated observations and apt allusions, particularly from you, Sir, and from the ex-president of this society who has just addressed you. It is indeed singularly interesting and impressive to reflect that the youthful prototype of yonder miniature effigy, while endowed with the purity, the innocence, and the ingenousness of which its colour is the emblem, stands this moment, in matron majesty, at the head of the married dignity of a great empire. I have heard many allusions made, some comparisons formed, and manifold hopes held out, relative to the former and the present female sovereign of England. But, whatever may be said, in imagining parallels between the position or the characteristics of Elizabeth and Victoria, it is at least to be rejoiced at that she whom we so much love and honor, is no longer entitled to share one favourite epithet of History with her celebrated predecessor. Thank Heaven she can no longer be designated as another "Virgin Queen"—but her loyal and affectionate subjects may safely look forward to the hope of her becoming the source of a stock of Princes, destined to succeed to the greatness which now surrounds her and on which she confers new lustre.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, although it would be ungrateful in me to consider myself quite a stranger in this hospitable meeting, I cannot help reflecting that I am, as I might say, in a double sense a foreigner to-day. First as an Irishman, and secondly as a resident in another state. I have had the happiness of dining with the St. Andrew's and the St. Patrick's Societies of Boston; but this is the first time I have shared in the festivities of a society of St. George; and from all I see and hear to-day I can truly assure you, in the spirit, if not in the very words of a countryman of mine, who being asked if he were a native of America, replied that "he hoped to be so shortly"—so can I sincerely say, what poor Paddy meant to express, that I should be glad indeed to find myself naturalized among those who have so hospitably entertained me, so as to entitle me to at least the temporary honor of being a brother of St. George. And in looking round me now on the badges which adorn the Presidents of these admirable institutions, may I be permitted to observe of the various emblems, that although the Rose may be the fitting type of the refinement, and the fragrance of English civilization,—although the Scotch Thistle may speak a valuable lesson of independence to every community that would not be touched or trifled with with impunity—yet it seems to me that no outward sign so fully shows forth the the affection, sympathy, and loyalty, which should cement the three great portions of the British Empire as the bright leaves of Ireland's Shamrock, growing in perfect symmetry from a common stem. Such, Sir, is the emblem best suited to this Society, which above all the rest combines the elements of British greatness; and I am glad to add my feeble testimony to the eloquent words of my fellow countryman, the President of the St. Patrick's Society, on my right, who has so ably expressed the sentiments of attachment which now bind the countries together. Yes, Ireland is no longer the oppressed, the trampled on, the despised. She has now fair play in the career of moral and political improvement. And I earnestly hope and firmly believe that she will prove herself worthy of her destiny, in being in the amplest sense, a sharer in all the constitutional rights which are the privilege and the boast of Great Britain.

Gentlemen, I must now conclude this desultory address. And in doing so I cannot help recurring to the place of my present residence, to which I have already alluded, and to the section of this great country to which my duties, and my interest particularly attach me. I cannot, in justice to my own feelings, omit any opportunity of stating to my fellow-countrymen in America, what I well know must be looked on as a mark of consideration to our common country rather than to me individually, that in New England I have met with extensive and unvarying kindness and hospitality. That portion of America is called, emphatically, the country of Ice and Granite. But however one may cover the surface of the soil, or the other grow beneath it, I at least shall never consider either as emblematical of the character of the people among whom I have found a home, or of their reception of British subjects, from regard to the land they came from. I will therefore, Mr. President, avail myself of my privilege on sitting down, and beg to offer as a sentiment.

"New England, and, as she grows old, may she never forget her present feelings of affection and attachment to the Mother Country."

The last standard toast, taking in these endearing names, mother, wife, sister, daughter, "The Ladies," received full homage.

Glee, "Here's a health to all good lasses."

The first vice president, Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., being called upon, said:—

Mr. President—I most cheerfully obey your call; and in offering a toast, I consider the present occasion eminently suitable for rendering due honour to a most noble and illustrious name—one, sir, whose deeds, whether in the tented field, or in the council of his country, are familiar to every Briton, are recorded in the hearts of his countrymen, and will for ever live in the annals of British History. Mr. President, and gentlemen, I give,

"The Duke of Wellington."

William D. Cuthbertson, Esq., the second vice president, said:—

Mr. President—I very much regret that I am not gifted with the set phrases of speech, but that which is decidedly my loss will evidently be your gain, as I shall not take up your time by any prefatory remarks on the toast I am now about to offer,—I will give you,

"Charity—May our coffers ever be equal to our wishes in the cause of Benevolence."

The President then called out Mr. Robert Kermit; spoke of him in high and honourable terms as a man and as a merchant, and proposed: The health of Robt. Kermit, Esq., thanks for his bounty, and success to the Stephen Whitney and other noble vessels under his control.

Mr. Kermit rose and said:—Mr. President, your remarks are too flattering, the acceptance of the Flag is truly a compliment to me.—I have been for thirty years familiar with the commerce of this city, mostly in direct connection with the Port of Liverpool, by which I have known most of our English residents. I have frequently crossed the Atlantic, and in different parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and in the continent of Europe, experienced the hospitality there so liberally bestowed. I have met my countrymen abroad, and with them spoken with pleasure of the civilities we received; in one instance I found an American in distress, his application to me for relief produced feelings that I cannot describe, you can conceive them, they are such as actuate the Members of the St. George's and other Benevolent Societies of Foreigners in our country, and are faintly alluded to in this toast:—"The St. George's Society of New York, may similar Institutions be formed throughout the world, that the stranger in distress, may every where be relieved, by liberal associations of his countrymen."

The Stewards were deservedly toasted; and Mr. Waller in their name very neatly responded, and gave: The Musical Gentlemen who have so richly aided in the harmony and happiness of the evening.

Soon after this the President retired, Mr. Sanderson then took the chair, and observed:

"Gentlemen—On taking this seat, just vacated, I beg leave to offer a toast. We have this day assembled to celebrate the cause of benevolence, and whilst we are thus enjoying the luxury of doing good, let us not amidst our festivities forget them in whose behalf this society owes its origin. I will give you, gentlemen, "Our indigent fellow countrymen, may they ever find protection and relief under the banner of St. George."

Mr. Cuthbertson took the chair after Mr. Sanderson had retired.

Forwarded from the St. George's Society of the City of Albany.—The St. George's Benevolent Society of the City of New York The examples of Philanthropy and Charity she has presented to us in our youth, we will endeavour to emulate—may it grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength.

Forwarded from the St. George's Society of the City of Philadelphia.—The St. George's Society of New York. The deeds of our patron Saint may be shrouded in obscurity, but the charities of our brethren in New York to their poor and suffering countrymen, are *Facts*, not *Fables!*

By James B. Elliman, Esquire.—The commercial Navies of Great Britain and America, the true messengers of amity and peace.

By Mr. A. D. Paterson.—The immortal memory of William Shakspeare. Born on the day of England's tutelary Saint, he is thereby the more strongly marked as England's most distinguished son.

The toasts, from this period until a late or rather an *early* hour, came "fas and furious," not however in anger, but in "flow of soul," for never was there more friendly and social meeting within the walls of a saloon. It was no longer possible to note either toasts or speeches in detail; but it would be doing injustice to close the account without remarking that a toast given by Mr. B. H. Downing, the Secretary of the Society, viz. "The United States," produced a reply from Mr. G. Davis, the only American then in the room, which was not only replete with warm and glowing eloquence, but also containing manly, liberal, and kind sentiments towards foreigners of all nations, and to those of the British empire in particular. We regret that we are not in possession of this very excellent speech, for there cannot be a doubt that it would be read with pleasure by his countrymen, for he ably vindicated their claim to a high character for hospitality, and by Englishmen, because whilst he avoided all fulsome praise and empty compliment, he gave them full credit for all the characteristics of the British nation. To the St. George's Society in particular he accorded the just due for their strenuous endeavours in the holy cause of charity; and altogether his speech was most acceptable both for its style and its sentiments.

A public meeting of Shipmasters was held at Liverpool on the 28th ult., for the purpose of establishing a "Captain's Reading and Coffee Room." We notice among the Committee of Management the names of Lieut. Fayrer, R. N., of the steam ship Liverpool, and Lieut. Engledue, R. N., who commanded the Liverpool one trip.... *Manufactures in Egypt.*—Among other instances of the improved state of manufactures in Egypt, it is said that there are now 30,000 linen looms, 7,000 cotton looms, and 4,500 woollen looms in various establishments in that country. At the same time the corn and other vegetable products of Egypt are on the increase.....The London Morning Chronicle states that "there are capitalists in London prepared with funds to enable the Spanish government to put an end to the civil war, and negociations have been for some time going on with the view of settling the basis of a loan for that purpose."....Mons. de Balzac's first attempt at dramatic writing has horrified even the Parisians by its immorality; it is said the *feuillebonistes*, who are not very scrupulous, smote their beasts and ran away terror stricken. The Minister of the Interior interfered to present a second representation. The hero of the piece is a convict, and the morals he was made to inculcate were those of the galley.....Mr. Moscheles has been appointed pianist to Prince Albert.....Fanny Elsler is delighting the Opera goers with "La Tarantula." Nothing is said of her visit to America.....Her Majesty's head-dress at the Opera on Saturday was much admired, and is, we hear, likely to be the fashion. It was a sort of demi-turban, consisting entirely of lace, and prettily fixed at the back of the head.....Lord Hill has received her Majesty's instructions to order the cavalry of the British army to wear mustachios: the order will, consequently, be issued forthwith.....Considerable curiosity has been excited in the musical world by the announcement of the Memoirs of Bethoven, by his intimate friend, A. Schindler.

Married,—In Schenectady, by the Rev. Professor Reed, George S. Boulton, Esq., M. P. P. of Coburg Upper Canada, to Anna Maria Beck, daughter of the late Jonathan Walton of the former place.

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THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1840.

By the *United States*, from Liverpool, we have London papers to the 31st ult. The Great Western, whose day of sailing was on the 15th ult. may be expected every hour.

The Melbourne Ministers have sustained another defeat, which they bear with their usual indifference, for where character is really lost, further disgrace is little regarded. This defeat took place on Lord Stanley's Irish Registration Bill, which, with the result of the debate, is thus described by *Bell's Messenger:*

On Wednesday, the Commons was occupied in the discussion of Lord Stanley's bill for an amended registration in Ireland, or, in other words, to introduce into Ireland the English form of an annual revision of the list of voters, instead of the imperfect registration which now prevails under the Reform Act. Our readers may remember that two main objections have been taken to the Irish mode of registration. The first is, that registration in Ireland is only every eight years instead of every year, a practice which gives occasion for fraudulent and corrupt voters to personate all such as have died since the last registration.—The second object is, that the assistant barristers are too indulgent in the admission of voters, and that, therefore, it would be a proper remedy to allow an appeal to the judges against any undue admission of a voter. Both of these provisions of the new bill were strongly opposed by all the Irish members; they all employed nearly the same arguments. They insisted that the annual revision worked ill in England, and would be still worse in Ireland, where the landlord was always present at the registration, frowning on the poor tenant when he came up to claim his franchise. The double appeal would produce endless litigation; every voter in Ireland would be dragged before the judge; for as the ten-pound voters were all opposed to the aristocracy, there would be public subscriptions got up to disfranchise them. In fact, this bill would disfranchise three-fourths of all the Irish electors.

The arguments in favour of the second reading of the bill were put with equal energy by those who advocated the measure, more especially by Lord Stanley. They argued, that this bill, or something like it, had become indispensably necessary to preclude the atrocious frauds committed under the present system.—In the town of Belfast only, there were not more than nineteen hundred voters actually forthcoming and produceable, that is, capable of being identified by persons who know them to be the men they represent themselves; of the other six or seven thousand whose names were on the registry, the remainder were all dead, absent, or had emigrated; yet it is incredible, said Mr. Tennent, how many of these are made to appear at every new election. The partiality of the assistant barristers was also as notorious as the frauds of the voters. This bill might possibly not be the very best remedy which could be concocted to remove these evils, but the principle of it was undeniably good, and therefore entitled to the support of the house. Upon the second day of the debate the house went to a division on the question, when the second reading was carried by a majority of sixteen, there being 250 for it, and 234 against it.

The ability displayed by Lord Stanley, in this discussion, is highly spoken of, but it is uncertain how the bill will fare in committee, as a large number of the usual supporters of Ministers were absent.

The King of Hanover is the increasing object of attack by Mr. Hume and those like him. When Duke of Cumberland, and residing in England, he, in common with the other royal Dukes, was allowed by Parliament £21,000 per annum, for his maintenance. On the death of William the Fourth, without male issue, the Salique Law which prevails in Hanover, called the next brother to the throne of that kingdom, thereby separating it from the crown of England. The Duke, it seems, since his accession to the Hanoverian sceptre, has not relinquished his English annuity, and Mr. Hume, on the 27th of March, made a motion for taking it from him. It was argued that when Leopold, who also had an English pension, became King of the Belgians, he relinquished it, and, therefore, that the King of Hanover ought to follow that example. It was also affirmed that the King of Hanover retained his apartments in St. James's Palace, and refused to give them up to the Duchess of Kent. In short it was made to appear that he was everything but what he should be. But one story is often plausible till another is heard, and it was so in the present case. The contrast attempted to be established between the two personages mentioned, was unfortunate. The King of Hanover did not formally relinquish his annuity, but left it with his agents to pay off some outstanding debts, to make provision for several old and faithful servants, who would otherwise be left destitute, and to continue his subscriptions to various institutions of which he was a member. As to his alleged refusal to surrender the apartments in St. James's Palace to the Duchess of Kent, it was shown—that they were so old, inconvenient, and comfortless, that her Royal Highness refused to enter them. The annuity of Leopold was £60,000—three times that of the Duke of Cumberland—and he retained about £20,000 per annum, for similar purposes as the Duke. Leopold did not attempt to give up his residence at Clermont, but retained, and does retain it to this hour. In both cases the residences have been retained, and in both cases a sufficient part of the English annuities have been held to defray English debts; in neither has any portion thereof been drawn from England, so that the contrast attempted to be established totally failed, and one of identity made out! Mr. Hume's motion was therefore very deservedly lost by a vote of 76 to 63.

Not content with this defeat, Mr. Hume further distinguished himself a few days afterwards by opposing the grant of £2000 a year for three lives, to Sir John Colborne, now Lord Seaton. The Queen, as we stated in our last, sent down a Royal Message to Parliament, recommending this grant to the gallant soldier. It was moved by Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, on the 30th of March, who paid a high compliment to the character and services of the veteran, throughout his whole career. Mr. Hume failed not to denounce this grant, altho' but little more in amount than that he so *conscientiously* took from the Greek Loan. He alleged that so far from being rewarded by a title and pension, Sir John ought to have been long ago dismissed the service! Fortunately Mr. Hume's tongue is no slander; and as to deserts, we are clearly of opinion that he has never yet had his. He advised Mackenzie and his ragged followers to take up arms against the "baneful dominion of England"—as he termed it; they did so, and ended their career, some of them, on "Gallows Hill," and as far as the guilt of that rebellion is concerned, we are of opinion that no man suffered there who more richly deserved the "elevated suspension" than the honorable economist himself. The vote was carried 82 to 16. In the House of Lords the same question was moved by the Premier, in a speech teeming with the warmest admiration of the gallant General, and was seconded in a like strain by the Duke of Wellington. Sir John Colborne, it appears, has been engaged in active military duties for the space of 45 years. To his gallantry and good conduct is to be ascribed the preservation of the Canadas to the British crown. The Queen and the country may therefore well reward him.

The Canada Union Bill produces some opposition in Parliament, and will not pass without a struggle; the Clergy Reserves Bill, too, is met on the very threshold by the most determined hostility. It is pronounced a direct robbery of the Church, and the authority of the Colonial Parliament to make such a disposition of the lands as the Bill provides, is positively denied. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Exeter, and others, have already denounced the measure, and the latter Rev. Prelate has given notice of a distinct motion on the subject, when the opinion of the Peers will be ascertained. This motion, we believe, was fixed for the 31st of March. In the House of Commons the question was taken up by Mr. Pakington, a gentleman of large landed property, and unimpeachable integrity, in Worcestershire, who visited Canada some years ago, and made himself well acquainted with the provinces. It is the principle of *spoliation* that is mainly objected to by the Church conservatives, but the advocates of expediency will probably carry their point.

The new French Minister, Thiers, has gained a signal victory over his opponents in the Chambers. His enemies sought strong ground on which to fight the battle, viz: the vote of one million francs for *secret service money*, which nations generally pay with reluctance; he, however, carried his point by a majority of 86. The members being for the vote 246, against it 160. As M. Thiers is the friend of peace and of England, this result is to be regarded as very satisfactory, and highly conducive to a continuance of the tranquillity of Europe.

Jamaica.—Papers from this island have been received to the early part of the past month, and it is pleasing to learn that the proceedings of the Governor and Assembly are harmonious, that steps are taking, as in Trinidad and other colonies, to introduce American colored laborers, and that the island is tranquil. We give the following items:—

The colonial Legislature was in session, and the public business seemed to be attended to with much harmony. On the 1st of April, the House of Assembly had under consideration a bill to promote immigration—which seems to be the panacea to which all eyes are turned—and in the course of the debate, a letter from Mr. Samuel Whitmarsh, of Northampton, Massachusetts, was read, holding out the idea that many colored emigrants from the United States might easily be induced to try their fortunes in Jamaica. Mr. Barclay was glad that the measure had been brought forward—it was evident, he said, that the salvation of the island depended upon an increased laboring population. Other members concurred in this opinion, and all seemed to have a preference for immigrants from North America. Mr. Whitmarsh in his letter above referred to, promises to make efforts for sending a thousand. —The administration of Sir Charles Metcalf continues to be very popular; and the favour with which he is regarded by the planters has been much increased by the publication of a despatch, written by him in October, in which he attributes much of his difficulty and trouble between the laborers and employers to the interference of the Baptist missionaries.....A police has been organized throughout the island, on the London plan, and its effect is described as most salutary. ----The Kingston Journal of April 3, states that a boat from H.B.M. schooner Rover had been fired on by several small craft, supposed to be pirates, off the coast of Cuba, by which one officer and several of the seamen were wounded. ----Mr. Gurney, the philanthropic Friend, was at Kingston, in March, preaching to divers congregations. He embarked for the U. S. on the 30th of March.

The Greek Patriarch at Constantinople has been deposed by the Sultan on the complaint of Great Britain, who accused him of intriguing to overthrow her authority in the Ionian Islands. The London papers intimate that the Patriarch was incited to this course, which has caused him the loss of his exalted station, by Russia. He is succeeded by the Bishop of Nicomedia, Anthymos.

We observe that William Peter, Esq., was gazetted on the 27th of March, as Consul for Philadelphia.

John Storey Penlaze, Esq., was gazetted at the same time as Consul for Amsterdam.

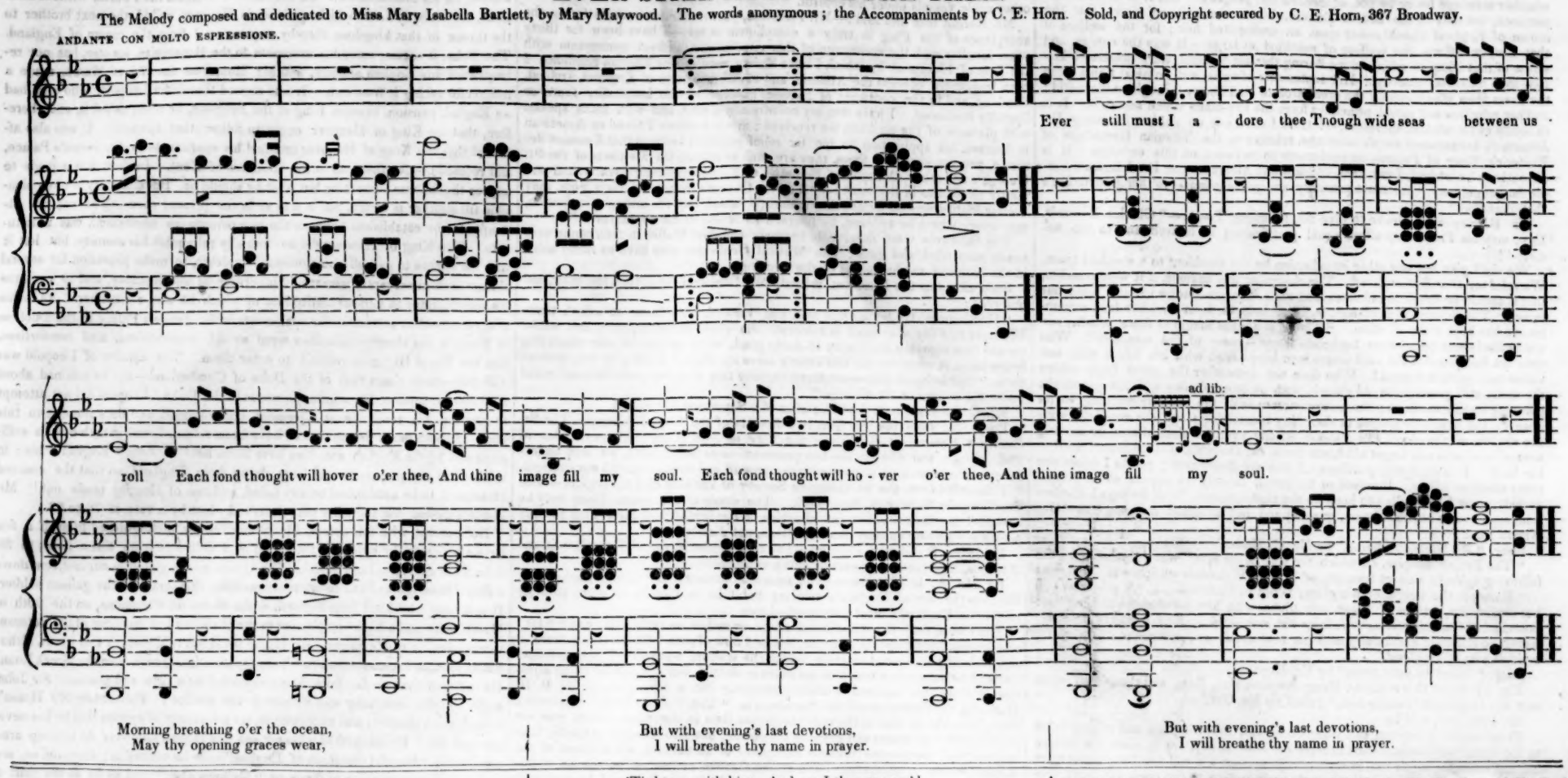
The Queen, we are glad to see, has conferred the honor of Knighthood on Major Bonnycastle, of the Engineers, who served so long in Canada.

*** We have inserted the first portion of the new work by *Boz*, entitled "Master Humphrey's Clock." Knowing the desire felt by our subscribers to peruse it, we have given it entire, but shall be governed by the excellence of the future numbers in continuing the work to its completion.

We regret to see that our friend Mr. John Neal, has separated himself from the *New World*. The difference with his associates in that paper was one of opinion only, and has not, it is satisfactory to observe, produced any diminution of respect for each other.

The Knickerbocker Magazine for May is promptly published this month, and as usual, abounds with excellent articles skilfully selected and arranged by its Editor.

EVER STILL MUST I ADORE THEE.

The Melody composed and dedicated to Miss Mary Isabella Bartlett, by Mary Maywood. The words anonymous; the Accompaniments by C. E. Horn. Sold, and Copyright secured by C. E. Horn, 367 Broadway.

ANDANTE CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.
Ever still must I a - dore thee Though wide seas between us
ad lib:
roll Each fond thought will hover o'er thee, And thine image fill my soul. Each fond thought will ho - ver o'er thee, And thine image fill my soul.
Morning breathing o'er the ocean,
May thy opening graces wear,
But with evening's last devotions,
I will breathe thy name in prayer.
But with evening's last devotions,
I will breathe thy name in prayer.

THE DRAMA—HAMLET.

Although we deem that it would be unnecessary, and almost impertinent in us, to swell the immense list of commentators on the Shakspeare plays, by our own humble remarks, yet the *acted* Drama of the bard we consider to come legitimately under our observation and censure. The original text has been examined through every medium that critical acumen could discover, and the collision of opinion has produced almost an universality of sentiment regarding the great points of the mighty master's genius. But the acted drama is more local in its application: one age cuts down, transposes, or interpolates, that which a succeeding period would gladly see restored to the primitive text; actors under various modifications of temper, view particular characters in different lights from their contemporaries or their predecessors; managers labor to produce certain hobby-horsical effects; and, not unfrequently a reading is warped from its moral, simple, and obvious meaning—in order to serve some especial purpose. On this the critic of the day has full right to dilate, without fear of the accusation that he is "carrying coals to Newcastle;" and more particularly if he find that the alterations have a tendency either to alter the original spirit of the author's composition, or diminish its force.

So tenderly alive are we to the fame of Shakspeare, and so strenuously are we desirous to stand up with our poor aid to maintain his never-dying poetry in all its energy and integrity, that with our good will we would not obliterate a line he has written, nor transpose any portion of his works. No one accuses him of wilful licentiousness in his language, whilst all attribute those passages, now deemed exceptionable, to the taste and manners of the times in which he lived. Nevertheless as there are but few, among the numbers who listen to the Shakspeare plays, that will abstract their ideas so far as to view the poet in his own day, it may be granted that, to please the altered state of public taste and notions of decorum there are passages which may be suppressed—provided always that the general sense be not thereby marred, nor the thread of the action and fable broken or deranged. But let no sacrilegious hand *add* to the sentiments of the bard, nor let any one so far curtail his plays as to rob them of that extent of reach into human nature, which it was his peculiar faculty to effect.

Amongst the plays which in our estimation have suffered grievously, not from interpolation, but from excission, is that of "Hamlet;" and here we suspect that "The *Stars* are in fault." Not the stars of the firmament, nor the stars of the prince's horoscope; but those which sway the destinies of theatrical establishments and which may almost be said to give laws to those who support them in their several spheres. These, proceeding upon the principle that as the earth cannot endure two suns, neither can the stage bear two heroes, deliberately insist that all the lesser lights shall be extinguished in order that their own may shine the more resplendently. Little do they reck, even if they be aware, that in the dramatis personæ of Shakspeare there are several other pictures of humanity, as truthful in themselves, and perhaps as useful to the audience, as the grand and most prominent one, as that which is appropriated by the hero "*par excellence*;" and perhaps still less do they consider that this very variety in the interest may be a relief, which will afford a still higher relish for, and a better judgment of, that distinction they so fondly desire to monopolize.

The selfish actor is commonly short-sighted, taking an accurate view of the most minute objects within an inch of his nose, but altogether ignorant of their bearing and effect in the wide range of vision which is beyond his capacity. Were he not so purblind he would perceive how the rise in the importance of other characters would stimulate him to increased excellence in his own; he would see the *general* stimulus that would be given to the members of his profession, he would discern the effects produced thereby in the public taste and in the encouragement of the drama; he would enrich himself and be a benefactor to the profession by which he lives. A thousand minor ramifications, yet important in their aggregate, would be the result of so liberal and generous a policy, so greatly in contrast to the exclusive system which has now possession of both the histrionic and the musical world.

It is true, as that acute critic Mrs. Jameson says, and to whose opinions we are always proud when we can subscribe, that this "is the only play which exists almost altogether in the character of one single person.——Soon as he appears on the stage, we are satisfied; when absent, we long for his return." But this is not a sufficient reason for the suppression of other characters in the play, originally marked in a most discriminatory style, and the absence of which is highly injurious both to the genius of Shakspeare and to the judgment of the public. We shall enlarge a little on this subject, and hope to shew that some little restoration of the present suppressed text would be an improvement.

The excellent writer to whom we have just alluded delineates Hamlet as having weakness of volition, instability of purpose, contemplative sensibility, a constant shrinking from action, and yet as always occupied in "thinking too precisely on the event." Now in the acted drama we have amply sufficient of the "contemplative sensibility" and of the constant occupation of the mind; but, of the other qualities, not so much of visible manifestation as of inference. But, how much would the latter be strengthened and made obvious, if the scene of the King's remorse were given, and the entry of Hamlet whilst his uncle is upon his knees at attempted prayer! *Here* is the passage which shows more clearly the sicklied imagination of the Prince, the depth of the revenge he would obtain, the infirmity of his purpose, and the credulous superstition of the times which led him to imagine that to kill even a villain at his devotions would be to save that villain's soul from perdition. Here is all Hamlet's character condensed into one speech of his; and we shall quote it as evidence of what we assert.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd! That would be scann'd;
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword: and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

Let us next look at *Claudius* (the King.) In the acted play he is made a mere blot on humanity; there is not a trait of a human being, morally speaking, about him; he has not a jot more of feeling in him than has the Barnardine of "Measure for Measure," and in fact appears to the audience as nothing but a remorseless murderer and fratricide, an incestuous drunkard, and a tolerated tyrant. But this is not Shakspeare's Claudius, it is The King of the modern adapter of the play. True it is that in the original he is dyed deep in guilt, through the promptings of unregulated ambition and sensuality of desires; that he is unscrupulous in the execution of crime, and unmeasured in the indulgence of his gratifications; but he is neither a *Caliban* nor a *Barnardine*; he has touches of remorse, sufficiently to bring him within the pale of human nature, and to save us from the mere ineffable contempt that would result from the contemplation of the acted character, by inducing sentiments of indignation and horror as we view the distorted mind of one who has not yet cast off all reflection and scruple.—When Polonius says to his daughter

"'Tis too much proved, that, with devotion's visage
"And pious action, we do sugar o'er
"The devil himself;"

the King says, *aside*, in bitterness of soul,

"O, 'tis too true! How smart
"A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
"The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
"Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
"Than is my deed to my most painted word:
"O heavy burden!"

Here, bad as he is, he is still a man; wicked as he has been and is, he has still a conscience which can punish him with its sting, hypocrite as he may be to others, we find that he cannot deceive himself by vain sophistry.

Again, in the scene, after the play had been performed, when the King is in his closet, how beautifully, how exquisitely, how truly, have we the picture of a man in whom remorse is struggling with baser feelings! Whose conscience is alarmed, who would fain be repentant, but in whom the love of pleasure and the dislike to restitution are too powerful for the better principles. Here is a beautiful variation of the same kind of disposition which characterises Hamlet himself: for the King endeavours to lash himself up to the same pitch of devotion and repentance, that Hamlet is in vain striving for, of revengeful feeling.—Surely this is altogether too finely wrought to be rejected at the pleasure of a theatrical star! Surely the wonderful comprehensive grasp of human nature which the bard has taken, and the great moral lesson which he teaches here, are not to be sacrificed to the vain fears that the principal character will not be sufficiently prominent on the canvass!

Here then are some important passages in the play, necessary for the true elucidation of the characters, and not occupying more than an additional five minutes of time in their delivery, suppressed most ungraciously. There is likewise a scene, at the opening of the second act, which exhibits old Polonius as an experienced man of the world in some of its more forbidding phases; it is well perhaps that this is cut out, as the character of the old courtier is sufficiently developed without it; but the judicious *reader* will hereby see how admirably Shakspeare has amalgamated points of character which, though greatly differing in their external bearing, are nevertheless homogeneous in principle.

But there is yet one point more in this *acted* drama which requires a moment's consideration. It relates to the Ophelia, and to a point which we consider a perversion of the text, on the parts of those who severally play Ophelia and Hamlet. If ever there was a poetic creation of perfect purity and singleness of heart, it is that of Ophelia; yet in the *acted* play she is made by implication to violate that heavenly purity by a direct and deliberate falsehood. She is placed by her father and the King, so as to fall in with Hamlet, that they may privily discover the state of his affections. The modern actor of Hamlet pretends to have caught a glance of them, and in the dialogue artfully and *suddenly* says, "Where is your father?"—to which the modern Ophelia replies, with hesitating utterance, "At home my lord." Now this, if she knows better, is utter prostration of that exquisitely beautiful character; but it is not so. She is to believe that, when her father leaves her to this trial of Hamlet's love, he goes home; and indeed when the King and Polonius enter, after this interesting scene is closed, and from whence Ophelia has *not* made her exist as in the acted play, her father says to her

"How now, Ophelia?
"*You need not tell us* what lord Hamlet said:
"We heard it all."

These are a few of many remarks that might be made concerning the great and unnecessary deterioration of Shakspeare's finest play. Grant that in its present state for the stage it is good,—yet it is so obviously imperfect, and may with so much care be made every way better, as well as be rendered more just to the fame of its never dying author, that we trust these few thoughts may find their way to the consideration of others, and may lead to so much restoration of the text, as may do more ample justice to all the characters, not excepting that one for which the regretted sacrifice has been made.

DR. D. SMITH has removed from Market street to 445 Broome st., one door west of Broadway. ma 2-1t.

PIANO FORTE TUITION.—An English lady who has received the best musical instruction from some of the most eminent teachers in Europe, wishes to obtain about ten or twelve pupils on moderate terms, to whom careful and unremitted attention will be given.
References—The Rev. Dr. Eastburn, No. 5 Mercer street, Rev. Dr. Wainwright No. 125 Hudson st. ma 2-1m.

TRADERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.—Final Dividend.—The Receivers of The Traders' Insurance Company, in the city of New York, hereby give notice, that in pursuance of an order of the court of Chancery of the State of New York, made by the Vice Chancellor of the first circuit, on the 20th day of April, 1840, they will, on the 25th day of May next, make a final dividend of all the moneys that may be and remain in their hands as such receivers, among the creditors of the said corporation entitled thereto, in proportion to, and upon surrender of the certificates of adjustment their respective demands, at the office of said Recorders, No. 56 Wall st., 2d story.
WM. B. BOLLES, } Surviving Receivers of The Traders' Insu-
E. W. DUNHAM, } rance Co. in the city of New York.

ROBERT RAIT, Jeweller, No. 262 Broadway, opposite the City Hall, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed from No. 74 Fulton st. to the above place, where he has commenced (in addition to his manufactory) the wholesale and retail Jewellery business. His stock embraces a choice assortment of new and fashionable Jewellery of every variety and pattern, together with gold and silver watches, silver and silver-plated goods, which he offers at low prices. He will from time to time renew his stock by well selected importations of foreign manufacture. ma 2-1t*

EDUCATION. NEW YORK CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL INSTITUTION.—Bloomingdale. Mr. HUDDARD begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that his School will *not* be removed on the 1st of May, as contemplated a short time since, but will be continued at Bloomingdale during the ensuing term. There are at present some vacancies for Pupils. Application to be made at the School, where a prospectus containing all requisite information may be obtained; or in the City, at No. 27 Warren st Apr 25-3t.

BOARD. Two gentlemen and their wives, or four gentlemen, may be comfortably accommodated with entire or partial board in a spacious house, situated in Broadway, between Leonard and Franklin streets. For particulars address Z. at this office.

FRENCH EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.—James Beck respectfully informs the Ladies that he has lately received a large assortment of Paris embroidered capes, collars, chemesettes, cuffs, shawls, and handkerchiefs; children's caps, and collars, boy's, cambric collars, &c. &c.
Lace capes, collars, cuffs, scarfs, veils, shawls, points, &c. Black and white laces of every description.
Cotton laces and edgings, plain and fancy quillings; a full assortment of nets of every width and pattern.
Muslin and thread insertings, muslin bands and edgings, white and unbleached thread hose, English cotton hose, silk ditto; a full assortment of children's ditto, gloves and mitts of every kind, which will be sold at very low prices at No. 359 Broadway.
In cov. apr 25, pap. ma 2.

A NEW EXTERNAL APPLICATION!!
Patronised by the Royal Family and Nobility.
SHARPE'S ROYAL BRITISH CERATES AND LINIMENT.—The efficacy of the above preparations having been fully tested by the most eminent Medical practitioners in England, they are now offered with full confidence to the people of the United States a the most valuable and important application that has ever been discovered for the cure of all cutaneous and muscular diseases. The cerates are prepared in five different combinations expressly adapted to the relief of those diseases which have been proved to yield to the influence of its extraordinary powers. Its general properties are stimulant, absorbent, and counter irritant, combined with powerful healing qualities, and although most effectual in its immediate character, is, in its composition, purely innocent, and being an External Application guarantees that in no case can it be injurious. The Cerates and Liniment constitute rapid and effectual remedies for Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Paralysis, Tic Douloureux, Cramp, Sore Throats, Glandular Swellings, Chilblains, Chapped hands and Lips, Swelled Face and Gums, Deafness, Biles, Tumors, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Scalds, Burns, Ulcers and wounds, Whooping Coughs, Croup, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Scald Head, Scurvy, Itch, Musquito Bites, Corns, and Bunions, External Inflamation of all kinds, and other cases, enumerated in the printed directions. Assorted packages are put up for families remote from Medical advice, also for Schools and other large Establishments. The attention of the Shipping interest, is earnestly solicited to the inestimable benefits derived from the prompt relief these preparations afford in the diseases and accidents to which Sea-faring men are unavoidably exposed. Southerners will also find these medicines of incalculable advantage on their plantations.*
The Cerates and Liniment will retain their virtues unaffected by time or climate.
The Cerates are made up in Boxes of four sizes, 37 1-2, 87 1-2, $1,50 and $3,50 each. The Liniment in bottles of three sizes, at 87 1-2 $1,50 and $3,50 each, to be had at 157 Broadway, N. Y. J. W. POWELL, Sole Agent.
Feb. 8-4tf.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BRISTOL.
THE Steamship GREAT WESTERN, James Hosken, R. N., commander, 1249 tons, 450 horse power, is appointed to sail for the year 1840, as follows:—

From Bristol		From New York	
20th February	15th April	19th March	9th May
4th June	25th July	1st July	18th August
12th September	7th November	10th October	8th December

The sleeping berths in the forward cabin are being placed fore and aft, and the state rooms greatly enlarged.
The rate of passage in all parts of the ship is reduced to $120—steward's fees $5, including wines, &c, as formerly.
For freight or passage, or other information, apply personally or by letter, to
Feb. 8—tf RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.—NEW PLAN.
The Proprietors of the several Lines of Packets between New York and Liverpool, have arranged for their sailing from each port on the 1st, 7th, 13th, 19th and 25th of every month; the ships to succeed each other in the following order, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	Days of Sailing from New York.				Days of Sailing from Liverpool.			
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	July 7,	Nov. 7,	Mar. 7		Aug. 25,	Dec. 25,	April 25	
Virginian,	Higgins,	" 13,	" 13,	" 13		Sept 1,	Jan. 1,	May 1	
New York,	W.C. Barstow,	" 19,	" 19,	" 19		" 7,	" 7,	" 7	
Roscius,	J. Collins,	" 25,	" 25,	" 25		" 13,	" 13,	" 13	
Cambridge,	I. Bursley,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,	April 1		" 19,	" 19,	" 19	
Independence,	Wortman,	" 7,	" 7,	" 7		" 25,	" 25,	" 25	
Sheffield,	F. P. Allen,	" 13,	" 13,	" 13		Oct. 1,	Feb 1,	June 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	" 19,	" 19,	" 19		" 7,	" 7,	" 7	
Siddons,	N. B. Palmer,	" 25,	" 25,	" 25		" 13,	" 13,	" 13	
North America,	A. B. Lowber,	Sept. 1,	Jan. 1,	May 1		" 19,	" 19,	" 19	
Roscoe,	H. Huttleson,	" 7,	" 7,	" 7		" 25,	" 25,	" 25	
S. Whitney,	Thompson,	" 13,	" 13,	" 13		Nov 1,	March 1,	July 1	
Columbus,	Cropper,	" 19,	" 19,	" 19		" 7,	" 7,	" 7	
Sheridan,	Depeyster,	" 25,	" 25,	" 25		" 13,	" 13,	" 13	
South America,	Bailey,	Oct. 1,	Feb. 1,	June 1		" 19,	" 19,	" 19	
G. Washington,	A. Burrows,	" 7,	" 7,	" 7		" 25,	" 25,	" 25	
United States,	J. G. Fisher,	" 13,	" 13,	" 13		Dec. 1,	April 1,	Aug. 1	
England,	B. L. Waite,	" 19,	" 19,	" 19		" 7,	" 7,	" 7	
Garrick,	A. S. Palmer,	" 25,	" 25,	" 25		" 13,	" 13,	" 13	
Europe,	A. C. Marshall,	Nov. 1,	Mar. 1,	July 1		" 19,	" 19,	" 19	

These ships are all of the first class, and ably commanded, with elegant accommodations for passengers. The price of passage from New York to Liverpool is fixed at $140, and from Liverpool to New York at 35 guineas, including wines, stores, and bedding.
Neither the captains nor owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor,
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